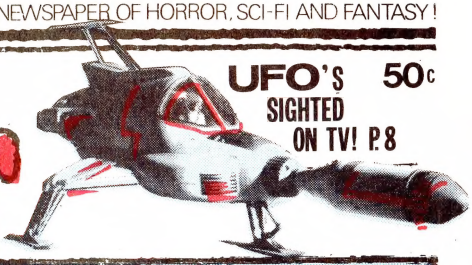
VOLUME 1, NO 13

WORLD'S FIRST NEWSPAPER OF HORROR, SCI-FI AND FANTASY!

GIANT COLOR POSTER INSIDE

the Monster Times



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MEET MARVEL'S MARVELOUS SPIDER-MAN CREATORS, MONSTERS & MADMEN! P. 3 & 14

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LOVE MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE UGLY!

GOOD VIBES FROM DOCTOR PHIBES!

SHAZAM!? THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN MAR... P. 24

ON SALE EVERY 2 WEEKS

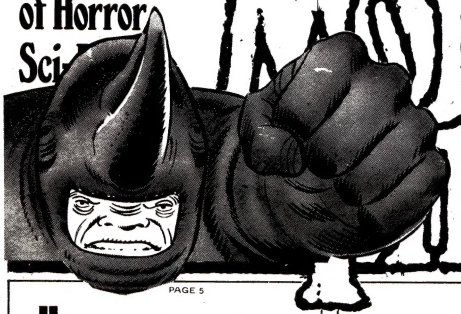
the Monster Times

Say it ain't so, Gray! But no, 'tis all too true . . . this high energy scene from BRAIN OF BLOOD was drawn by none other than Gray Morrow, MT contributor and comic art superstar supreme. This action-packed portrait also raises a number of other intriguing questions, like, "How does a Blood-Dripping Brain Transplant turn a Maniac into a Monster overnight?" and "How does a leader of millions turn into a Beast of the Night?" The answer to these and countless other queries are given at length on Page 20. So, if you feel you're strong enough to take the message, read on!

The World's First Newspaper of Horror Sci-

the Monster Times

Volume 1, No. 13



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PAGE 29

Hey, do you realize what you're holding in your hand? Do you have any idea? Oh, sure, we know you know it's a copy of the latest issue of THE MONSTER TIMES, but are you fully cognizant of the long hours of monstrously hard work that went into the making of this issue? Not that we're complaining, mind you, but we've got a great opportunity to feel sorry for ourselves in print, and you don't think we're about to pass it up, do you? Not on your life—and certainly not on OURS.

Anyway, we've got what looks to us like a good one lined up for ya this time. We're devoting a number of pages to comicdom's beleaguered super-teen, Spider-Man, including an exclusive MT interview with Spider-Man's sketcher, John Romita, conducted by Spider-Man's scripter, Gerry Conway. Together this formidable team of comic talents trace the long and glorious history of their be-webbed creation. Also on hand is a look at some of that superhero's superfoes: read all about the lunatic Lizard, gleeful Green Goblin, mystifying Mysterio, and many others in Gary Brown's info-filled account of the villains of Spider-Man.

And there's more in store for comics freaks! A history of the comics conventions by M.C. Richards, charting the evolution of the comic fan's rise to Power and Influence. Plus the first installment of our new regular feature—the Fanzine Review, a look at the best and latest additions to the world of fanzines by Robert S. Napier, himself the Captain of the famous fanzine, GEORGE. Another lively comic strip is contained herein as well, and, as is befitting our time-honored MT tradition, it is nothing short of topnotch, in quality and content.

For film fanatics we've got the third and (we promise!) final part of our series on those blood 'n' gore flicks we've been hearing so much about lately. This time Buddy Weiss takes you into the darkest heart of Blood Island (where folks will as soon drink your blood and eat your skin as look at you—which might strike you as being no mean compliment but will strike you dead as well) for an encounter with not only the BRIDES OF BLOOD, but the BRAIN OF BLOOD to boot. And speaking of blood (and when are we not), we've got another gruesome piece on that ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES, who gives off the worst phibes in the world. For tube-viewers, there's an MT sneak preview of a new British sci-fi series soon to be aired on American TV entitled *UFO*.

All the usual goodies will be found within, so loosen your grip on your freshly purchased copy, take care not to tear the pages with your claws, and dig in—you know we would have wanted it that way.

JOE

PAGE

3 **SPIDER-MAN'S FIENDS AND FOES:** A look at some of the far-out monsters, madmen, and miscellaneous meanies who make life tough for comicdom's favorite superhero.

6 **BEASTLY BLUNDERS:** Join in a fun-packed game of "Spot the Goof," TV freaks' favorite indoor sport, as John Parnum tells of some of Moviedom's most monstrous mistakes.

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8 **WATCH THE SKIES!:** From Britain way comes a new sci-fi teleseries called U.F.O. . . .— and here with all the relevant info is MT's Man-About-Tube Gary Gerani.

11 **COMICS ARE A KID'S BEST FRIEND:** Comics ace M.C. Kichards gives the lowdown about comicons everywhere in this generously-illustrated history of comic book conventions.

12 **BAD PHIBES:** That ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES gets his revenge on the society that made him what he is today. What's that? You should only find out!

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14 **BEHIND THE WEB:** Spider-Man's creators, artist John Romita and writer Gerry Conway, converse at length on the life and times of their web-footed friend.

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16 **SPECIAL POSTER IN FOUL COLOR!: Something to make your spirits rise cheerfully (if not necessarily your lunch rise cheerfully).**

20 **BAD BLOOD (Again!):** It's back to Blood Island for the further adventures of Hemisphere Pictures' tired Blood series—with BRIDES OF BLOOD and BRAIN OF BLOOD.

22 **COMICS CAPERS:** The latest in our superlative strips and one to raise a hair on the warts of the most horror-hardened fan.

24 **TMT TELETYPE TICKS AGAIN!:** Movie maven Bill Feret with the latest scarifying scoops about the new crop of sinister sadists who'll be painting the silver screen blood red.

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27 **FANZINE REVIEW:** Fanzine commentator Robert S. Napier takes TMTers into the wonderful world of fanzines in this debut of a soon-to-be regular MT feature.

29 **SEYMOUR SEZ:** An inimitable claw-by-claw description of a forgettable fright flick, CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, straight from the forked tongue of the L.A. horror host.

A word of thanks goes out from the depths of our bottomless black hearts to Stan Lee and the whole Marvel Comics crew for giving us their permission to print John Romita's classic rendition of Spider-Man for our cover this issue. Thanks.

THE MONSTER TIMES IS PRODUCED AND CREATED BY LARRY BRILL & LES WALDSTEIN. *Editor:* JOE KANE. *Managing Editor:* JOE BRANCATELLI. *Copy Editor:* ALLAN ASHERMAN. *Associate Editors:* MARK FRANK, PHIL SEULING, STEVE VERTLIEB, JIM WNOROSKI. *Columnists:* BILL FERET, JOE THOMASINO, DENNY O'NEIL, DON THOMPSON. *Contributing Writers:* GERRY CONWAY, GARY GERANI, TONY ISABELLA, DAVID IZZO, D.A. LATIMER, PAUL LEVITZ, MICHAEL PERKINS, BUDDY WEISS, MARVIN WOLFMAN. *Circulation:* BRUCE HERSHENSON. *Coordinating Photographers:* BARRY GLUSKY, MANNY MARIS. *West Coast Correspondents:* MARK AVANIER, LARRY WALDSTEIN. *Advertising Manager:* LARRY BRILL. *Contributing Artists:* FRANK BRUNNER, RICH BUCKLER, ERNIE COLON, CARLOS GARZON, DAN GREEN, STEVE HICKMAN, BRUCE JONES, JEFF JONES, MIKE KALUTA, GRAY MORROW, BILL NELSON, LARRY TODD, ALLAN WEISS, WENDY WENZEL, BERNI WRIGHTSON. *European Correspondent:* JESSICA CLERK.

THE MONSTER TIMES, No. 13, July 19th, 1972 published every two weeks by The Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc., 11 West 17th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Subscriptions in U.S.A.: $6.00 for 13 issues, outside U.S.A.: $10.00 for 26 issues. Second class mail privileges pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Contributions are invited provided return postage is enclosed; however, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted (c) 1972, by The Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Subscriber change of address; give 8 weeks notice. Send an address imprint from recent issue or state exactly how label is addressed.

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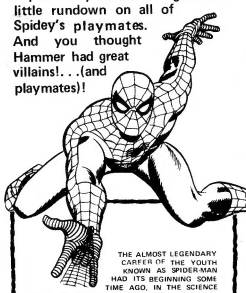
"Get ready ta kiss da concrete, Chum!" barks this nameless monster, one of the countless creatures who seem to never have anything better to do than to make life tough for our web-footed friend.

by GARY BROWN

SPIDER-MAN'S FIENDISH FOES

Spider-Man is a national hero, almost a symbol of the mixed-up times we live in. Spidey started about ten years ago as a skinny, introverted high school genius. Now, a decade later, he's a skinny, introverted college loser. He's got a girl friend who thinks him a coward, a batch of life-long friends who don't understand him, an aunt who has two heart attacks a year, and as Peter Parker, struggling photographer, a boss who hates Spider-Man. In the modern day jargon, Spider-Man is relevant. Don't we all have the same problems as Spidey? (We II some of us. . . anyway).

Anyway, as relevant as Spider-Man is, he's had the dubious distinction of fighting some of the most gruesome, most horrifying, and downright ugly villains the comic book world has ever seen. They come at him in droves: vultures, lizards, goblins, you name 'em, Spidey's fought 'em. And since no TMT feature is complete without some simply terrifying monsters, we commissioned comics expert Gary Brown to give us a little rundown on all of Spidey's playmates. And you thought Hammer had great villains!. . .(and playmates)!



THE ALMOST LEGENDARY CAREER OF THE YOUTH KNOWN AS SPIDER-MAN HAD ITS BEGINNING SOME TIME AGO, IN THE SCIENCE HALL OF MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL, WHERE A DEMONSTRATION OF RADIOACTIVITY WAS TAKING PLACE . . .

NO ONE AT THE EXHIBITION NOTICED A TINY SPIDER DESCENDING ON A TWIN STRAND OF WEB . . . A SPIDER WHICH FATE HAD CHOSEN TO ABSORB A FANTASTIC AMOUNT OF RADIOACTIVITY AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THAT PETER PARKER WALKED BY!

IN SUDDEN SHOCK, THE DYING INSECT BIT THE NEAREST LIVING THING A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE LIFE FADED FROM ITS BODY . . . AND, THAT NEAREST LIVING THING WAS THE LAD WHO WAS LATER TO BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING TEEN-AGER!

AS ALMOST EVERY MAGAZINE READER THROUGHOUT THE FREE WORLD KNOWS BY NOW, IT WAS THAT BITE WHICH SO AFFECTED THE CHEMICAL BALANCE IN PETER PARKER'S BLOOD, THAT IT CHANGED HIM INTO THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!! ■

Suppose you were standing in your high school science class and all of a sudden this radioactive spider dangles down and bites you! What would you do?

Well, you could jump around the room yelling. . . or sit on the floor and kick. . . or even grab a newspaper (MT maybe) and go after the spider for revenge. I know I could do all three.

If your name was Peter Parker, however, you would probably discover that the spider's bite affected you in strange ways, ways you wouldn't have expected, let alone believe. Besides giving you a good sized lump on your arm, the nip also transmitted the spider's magnified strength to your frail, abused body. The result: a super-strong, super-sensitive super-hero named SPIDER-MAN!

As a young guy growing up, Peter Parker had enough troubles just getting up for school every morning. Once turned into a web-slinging super-spider though, he found that, along with getting up for school and saving people, he had to go up against some pretty tough characters. Villains bent on both stealing the loot and getting

THEY'VE BECOME GIGANTIC FIGURES...
FIGURES OF MY WORST...MY DEADLIEST ENEMIES!
THEY'RE COMING TOWARDS ME... GROWING AS THEY DRAW NEARER...
AND THE GOBLIN IS LEADING THEM! IT'S ALL HIS DOING! THIS IS THE VICTORY HE'S WAITED FOR!
NOW, SPIDER-MAN... PREPARE TO DIE!

A nightmare scene takes grotesque shape as gigantic versions of Spider-Man's foes combine forces to menace our little web-footed friend. Included in the awesome assemblage are the Vulture, the Rhino, the Green Goblin, and Doctor Octopus— one villain who's always "well-armed."

the best of Spider-Man.

Being a super-hero is not the easiest job in the world — especially when you get into it without the benefit of prior experience. Just when swinging from building to building begins to feel like fun, in flies the first of a long line of fantastically powerful and unbelievably ugly villains — **THE VULTURE!**

Now the Vulture wasn't the best-looking villain in the world. A skinny, bald-headed guy who wore a fur collar and a green pair of wings, the Vulture glided through the skies of New York pulling off daring daylight robberies. Spidey originally wanted to make some spending money by getting a few pictures of the old buzzard for J. Jonah Jameson (Publisher of **"THE BUGLE""**) but the two ended up tangling in several classic duels high in the sky. No matter how swift the Vulture was, he always wound up with a long jail sentence and a few less feathers for his trouble.

BUGLE publisher Jonah Jameson never misses a chance, for some unknown reason, to badmouth poor Spidey in print. But Jonah's adverse editorializing pales in comparison to the devious aggressions of the Green Goblin, considered by many to be Spider-Man's most formidable foe.

LONG ARMS OF THE LAWLESS

Another of the real weirdos Spider-Man had to do battle with was DR. OCTOPUS. As a scientist, the good doctor invented a set of mechanical arms which he wore to carry out radiation experiments. Even though he was called "the most brilliant atomic researcher," something went wrong with one of his tests and a radiation blast permanently fused the mechanical arms to his body. His brain was also damaged in the explosion and Dr. Octopus began entertaining thoughts of becoming **"the SUPREME human being on earth."** Heck, with six arms he had a head start on everyone else anyway!

Although his mechanical arms gave Doc Ock (as Spidey affectionately called him) a definite advantage over Marvel's web-headed hero, they also proved to be his continual downfall. If the extra arms were not getting tangled up with each other, or getting trapped under fallen debris, then they proved to be quite clumsy when

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The mad but brainy Doc Ock also has six arms to play around with, but they never reach out in friendship when Spidey is around.

fighting with the quick moving Spider-Man. Needless to say, though, Doc Ock has never been soundly defeated by Spidey and keeps coming back for more hand to hand to hand combat.

The fact is, just like Dr. Octopus, most of Spider-Man's foes make a number of return visits each year. Some of them come back for personal satisfaction, some return for more thievery and others reappear because they are just plain stupid! Take **SANDMAN** for instance. Here is a guy who has the ability to change his body into movable sand at will, but has trouble just counting to ten. Each time he comes up against Spidey they slug it out for a few pages, then Spider-Man tricks ol' Sandy into standing in front of a vacuum cleaner or something and it is all over.

Likewise, **THE RHINO,** an ugly dude dressed up in a rhinoceros suit and weighing in at what must have been a couple of tons. He did a great job of crashing through walls and stomping on the ground, but he was no match for our favorite web-slinger. In fact, the Rhino was a real dud as a villain. If he had any brains at all he would have latched on with some football team as a fullback. He would have made a fortune!

There also was the **KANGAROO.** It does not take much to realize that here was a guy who could jump like he was the entire Los Angeles Laker basketball team rolled into one. When asked how he obtained his unique ability to leap, the Kangaroo replied, **"I lived in kangaroo country—eating what they ate—going where they went—working, training!"** He jumped all over New York, but finally tired and Spidey shipped him off to the stockade, where we hear he's still keeping on his toes.

MORE MONSTERS, MADMEN AND MISCELLANEOUS MEANIES

MYSTERIO was another of Spider-Man's unusual enemies and he was just what his name implied, a real mystery. As a former special effects man for television and motion pictures, he specialized in monster and science fiction costuming. One day he put his talents to work imitating Spider-Man (costume, webbing and all) and going around committing daring robberies. When that became too dangerous, he designed his own helmeted uniform which made him appear to be something from outer space.

Despite all his special effects and clouds of smoke, Mysterio could not stand up to more than a few Spider-Man punches. Their first battle scene is perhaps one of the most spectacular in all of comics history. Spidey and Mysterio traded blows while hopping across an outer space setting for a movie. Jumping from planet to planet and running across a moon-like terrain was most effective, especially when you consider Mysterio's background and special talents.

Possibly the greatest villain Spider-Man has ever faced, however, was the **GREEN GOBLIN.** The Goblin was just what his name implied, a green, impish goblin who flew around on what looked like a jet-propelled vacuum cleaner. Believe me, the Green Goblin was a first-class freak—always laughing and zooming around the sky. He possessed a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde complex, being a successful businessman part of the time (whose son was Spidey's best friend) and uncontrollably changing into the Goblin during his off hours.

The pair have clashed many times, but neither has ever actually won a contest. Since the Goblin's problem was basically a psychological one, in his impish state he was reckless, carefree and very cunning. His efforts were directed at making a fool of Spider-Man and totally defeating him. Needless to say, Spidey had his hands full. Certainly when the time comes to choose the ten best villains in all of comics, the Green Goblin will be high in the running, and might even zoom to the top of the list.

Walls crumble
and the earth trembles
before the two-tonned advance of the Rhino.
While his body
may be the heaviest around,
his brain is strictly lightweight
and Spider-Man has little trouble
leading this loser around by the horn.

LEAPIN' LIZARD!

Another of Spidey's all-time great villains was the **LIZARD.** The Lizard was . . . well . . . a lizard. He lived in the depths of the Florida Everglades and while not being classified as one of the most original of Spider-Man's foes, he certainly gave him some of his most memorable battles. In reality, the Lizard was **Dr. Curtis Conners,** a one-armed chemist who was trying to regain his lost arm by experimenting with reptiles. Just as a lizard regenerates his tail after it's been chopped off, Dr. Conners was hoping to grow another arm by drinking some special formula prepared after a detailed study of a lizard's body chemistry. Unfortunately (for Spider-Man), Conners managed to grow another arm, but, as the result of an unforeseen side effect, he also changed into a man-sized lizard. The Lizard, complete with his horde of alligators, was not going to let anyone stand in his way—including Spider-Man.

During their numerous meetings, Spider-Man faced a definite disadvantage. He did not want to harm the poor, demented Dr. Conners, even in his Lizard state, yet staying out of the way of the

Continued on page 25

What's wrong with this picture? Everyone remembers those drawings in the papers and comics that asked you to identify the mistakes contained within them, to be sure, but how many of you can play the same game of Spot-the-Goof in monster movies? There are plenty to be glimpsed by sharp-eyed fans, and you don't have to be the Man With the X-Ray Eyes to catch them. Here's John Parnum to give you an introductory lesson in how to spot. . . .

THE AMAZING COLOSSAL GOOF!

BY JOHN E. PARNUM

Sometimes even the most ludicrous monster movie can provide hours of mindless but exciting entertainment if you and your fellow popcorn munchers play that thrilling game **"Spot the Goof."** The game is great fun, is open to fans of all ages, and involves no dice, spinners, or loseable plastic parts. All it takes is a sharp, steady eye—one that rushes in to look where even professional film editors fear to tread.

Just turn on the tube and go. One eagle-eyed fan may be the first to spy the zipper on the extraterrestrial dress worn by one of the **FIRE MAIDENS FROM OUTER SPACE**, for example. Another might chance to notice that beneath the straggly fur coverings of the Neanderthal man in Monogram's **RETURN OF THE APE MAN** a fine pair of 20th century **"BVD's"** may be observed. Still another will marvel at the unashamed prominence of the guide wires pulling the model planes who are in pursuit of **THE GIANT CLAW**, or the clear view of the hills on the horizon that can be easily seen through a badly superimposed **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN.** Of course, fluffs like these can be spotted in any Grade-Zilch flick; they are products born of cheap budgets, created by technicians who obviously don't care, movies designed to appear briefly at drive-ins and then to be immediately exiled to local TV film vaults. But how many of you have gasped at monstrous mistakes that have tainted famous quality films?

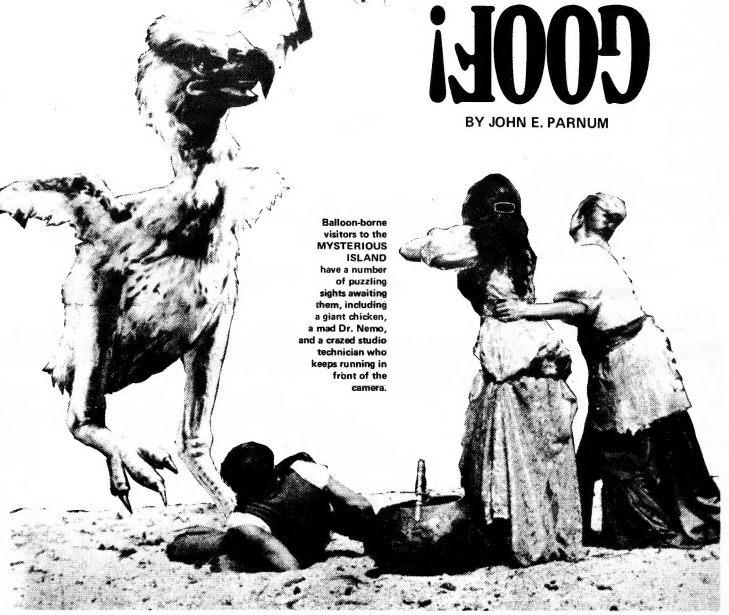
BEASTLY BLUNDERS

For instance, anyone who has watched **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, VALLEY OF GWANGI,** or **SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** knows that Ray Harryhausen is a perfectionist when it comes to trick photography. Can you imagine how the Master of Miniatures felt while viewing the following scene from **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**: After the balloon-downed group has landed on the uncharted island, they decide to climb a mountain, the better they might explore the other side of same. Approaching the top, the cameraman utilized a long shot to emphasize the loneliness of the 'ininhabited' island, and what do you suppose can be seen on the large screen darting behind a rock? A giant bee? A giant chicken? Captain Nemo? No! A studio technician, probably left over from the early days of television!

ABBOT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN is considered one of the comedy team's better efforts and was roundly praised for its exciting visual effects. There's one moment in the unlikely proceedings, however, that could make a werewolf's hair fall out from shock. As Bela Lugosi stands in the hallway of Castle Dracula, can it be?? Yes, it is!! His ghostly figure is clearly reflected in a large mirror! And everyone knows that all the Universal Dracula films stress the idea that vampires cast no reflection.

Sometimes a scatterbrained editor will splice together clips of film from parts of the movie that may have been shot on different days in different places. This can spell real trouble at times. Take the case of **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH**, for example, when horror veteran Vincent Price walks out the door of his house, strolls into the garage in a sweater, and drives off in his car wearing the jacket again. The Continuity Department had a lot to answer for after that one.

. . . always this MYSTERIOUS ISLAND! Couldn't we go someplace else this year?



Balloon-borne visitors to the MYSTERIOUS ISLAND have a number of puzzling sights awaiting them, including a giant chicken, a mad Dr. Nemo, and a crazed studio technician who keeps running in front of the camera.

Mistakes, in fact, continue to pop up all over the place . . . even in TMT. A case in point is the caption describing the photo at left. What is the invisible "goof" referred to? Even WE don't know, . . . but the Shadow, do!

TMT contributes an invisible "goof" of its own . . .

Studio brains embarrassed the Invisible Man to such a drastic degree with their footage foul-ups that the transparent one vowed he would never be seen in a horror film again.

SCHLOCK FOOTAGE

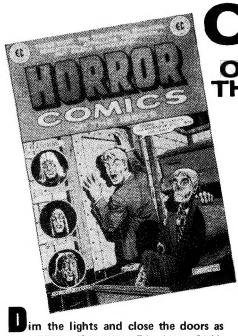
Stock scenes of erupting volcanoes and fighting dinosaurs and battling brontos that made their initial appearance all the way back in United Artists' **ONE MILLION B.C.** have cropped up in almost a dozen low grade science-fiction films since and are almost a welcome relief from the tedious troubles of the casts and plots of a **KING DINOSAUR** or a **TWO LOST WORLDS**. Even the highly original George Pal used stock footage in his award-winning movies, **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE** and **WAR OF THE WORLDS**. But when these two films were reissued together on a double bill in the late '50's, the audience roared to see the same group of people sitting in the same store listening to the same radio prior to the approach of two separate impending disasters in two different movies!

One of the most colossal goofs of all time took place, surprisingly enough, in Universal's **INVISIBLE MAN**. This early 30's film was a technical triumph with its intricate trick photography . . . that is until the end when Claude Rains is trapped in the barn by pursuing police. It has just started to snow and, being naked, the invisible man realizes that the time has come when he must make a break for it. He runs out and the police spot his footprints in the snow and open fire. The gross mistake on the part of the technicians, however, is the fact that the footprints are made by shoes . . . not naked feet! Hard to believe that a goof like that—one that is obvious to any naked eye—could escape the notice of the filmmakers, but there it is, in black and white, and sometimes even in technicolor.

Like to learn more about famous and infamous flick fluffs? We invite you, the reader, to send in the movie mistakes and eerie errors that you've spotted—you can be sure we'll show'em here. And also remember to watch these pages for **SON OF THE AMAZING COLOSSAL GOOF** (with a cast of 1,000's) soon to appear in a future edition of **THE MONSTER TIMES**. There'll be no mistake about THAT, at least. ■

"Wait—I can explain everything!" apologizes an uptight AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN, who was so poorly superimposed that the Army let him have it right in the celluloid.

EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 50'S



Dim the lights and close the doors as those FETID FOLKTALES of the 1950's bubble forth in FULL COLOR from the witch's cauldron. A selection of the greatest scare stories from HAUNT OF FEAR, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, and VAULT OF HORROR . . . including a rare unpublished TERROR TALE.

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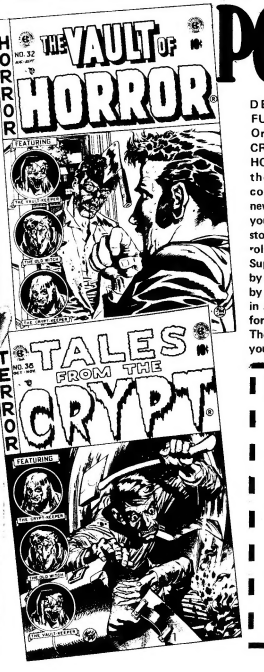

DEATH LIVES! In these two FULL-COLOR vintage E.C. Posters! Original covers of TALES FROM THE CRYPT NO. 38 and THE VAULT OF HORROR NO. 32. Never published in these versions because they were considered TOO frightening, these never-before-seen renditions can now be yours! Printed 22"x28" on sturdy paper stock, these masterpieces are always sent rolled, in sturdy mailing tubes, for Super-protection. The VAULT cover is by Johnny Craig, and the CRYPT cover by famed cartoonist Jack Davis. The best in art, color, clarity and horror, all yours for only $2.50 plus .50 postage, each. The supply will be limited, so we urge you to order now!

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____ Yes, I want the **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** E.C. Horror Poster, by Jack Davis; enclosed is $2.50 plus 50c postage (Total of $3.00).

____ Yes, I want the **VAULT OF HORROR** E.C. Horror Poster, by Johnny Craig; enclosed is $2.50 plus 50c postage (Total of $3.00).

____ I am an E.C. FREAK, and must have BOTH these incredible posters. Enclosed find my $4.60 plus 50c postage (Total of $5.10).

NAME _____
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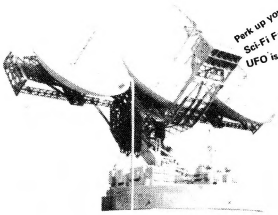
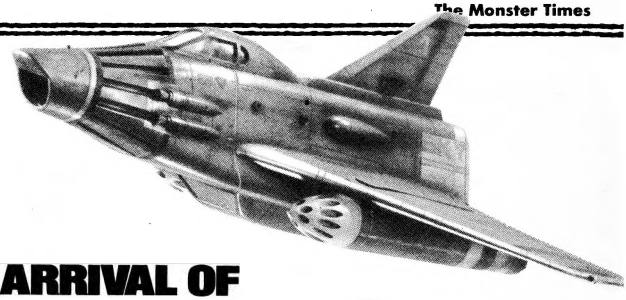


Perk up your rabbit ears, Sci-Fi Fans, UFO is on the way!



THE ARRIVAL OF UFO

THE ARRIVAL OF

UFO

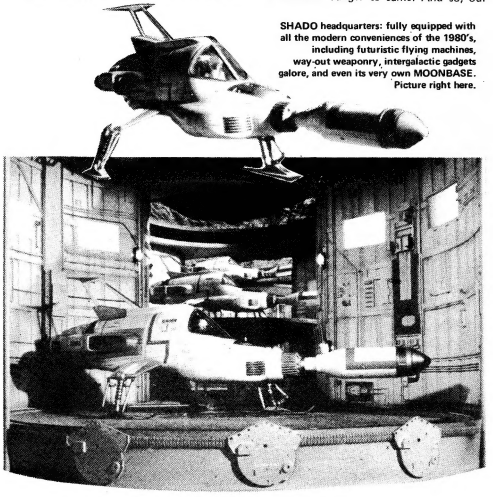
BY GARY GERANI

Good news is in the works for grounded science-fiction fans! CBS will be hosting a brand-new sci-fi TV series called UFO, scheduled to be descending on your screens sometime this Fall. Here to provide all the intergalactic info on the terror-oriented teleseries is Gary Gerani, TMT's ace tube reporter. But first a special word of praise goes, from the bottom of our collective horrorific heart, to Abe Mandell, President of ITC, whose tireless efforts have been largely responsible for UFO's flight from Britain to the U.S. television screen. And now, let's get on with the show. . . .

Come this fall, the **CBS** syndication market will be invaded by a friendly but alien hour of fun. From the outer galaxies and inner offices of **ITC Productions** comes a startling new action-adventure series about **U**nidentified **F**lying **O**bjects or, to use the more titillating term, "**U.F.O.s**". Yes, **ITC**, the British company responsible for exposing **SECRET AGENT** and freeing **THE PRISONER** for our viewing pleasure, has turned to the skies for its tales of tomorrow and has also provided you fortunate readers with an exclusive preview. And now, come with us if you will for a look into the not-so distant future, to an age of science and sensibility, to the world of "**U.F.O.**"

It is 1980 and we are standing just outside the international headquarters of **SHADO**. Since most MT readers are seasoned 1972-type folks, we will excuse your obvious befuddlement and explain that **SHADO** is a futuristic organization dedicated to the study of strange flying phenomena. It appears that in the late 70's the presence of outer beings became an accepted fact of life, and what's more, a constant danger to same. And so, our world of the future is protected from galactic perils by the dedicated men and women of **SHADO**, the spaced-out FBI of the 1980's!

Unidentified Flying Astronaut swings through space on an important assignment from SHADO, the sky-spy organization of the future.

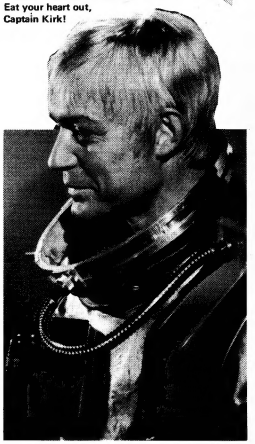


SHADO headquarters: fully equipped with all the modern conveniences of the 1980's, including futuristic flying machines, way-out weaponry, intergalactic gadgets galore, and even its very own MOONBASE. Picture right here.

ONLY THE SHADO KNOWS

There is a lot, however, that the world does not know about our cosmic invaders. Commander Edward Straker (Ed Bishop), founder and leader of **SHADO** sees to that. Both he and his right-hand man Alec Freeman (George Sewell) have seen and experienced things beyond imagining, things that might agitate a world-wide panic if the good citizens of this future earth were to learn of them. With such terrifying visits from the stars already underway, it's a darn good thing we do have an organization such as **SHADO** on our side! Why, its complexities are enough to make James Bond's headquarters resemble a candy store! They even have their own moonbase, commanded by lovely Gay Ellis (Gabrielle Drake) who is always on the alert for an alien attack . . . or a wolfish pass from man-about-planet Alec!

Ed Bishop will be seen weekly in the role of Commander Edward Stryker, founder and leader of SHADO. Eat your heart out, Captain Kirk!



WORKING WITHIN THE SYSTEM

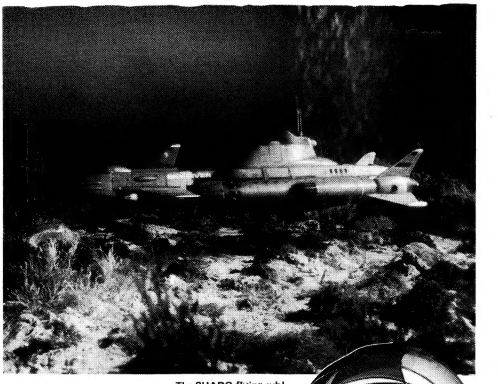
"Identified," the title of the first episode filmed (and the only one this MT reporter was fortunate to preview) involves the kidnapping of several human beings by aliens for dire purposes. What

Up! . . . up! . . . and away!

Under the ocean, along the sea, and into the far reaches of space, SHADO super-ship searches out undesirable UFO's wherever they happen to be.

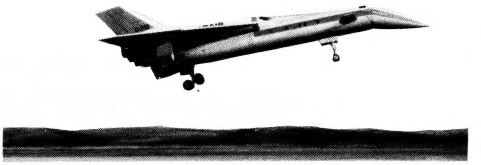
these exact purposes are remains somewhat of a mystery until, sometime later, a UFO is shot down and a body retrieved. Efforts to save the UFO pilot are in vain, and almost as soon as the alien's helmet is removed, the younger-looking features are transformed into those of an incredibly aged man. In death, he gives up one of the secrets Commander Straker has been so anxious to learn; that many of the alien's organs are human.

Judging from this first episode, it seems logical to assume that **UFO** intends to explore some rather sophisticated science fiction premises. Each chapter ends on a pondering note, and the exact nature of the aliens is never clearly defined. But this does not slow down the pace of the stories one bit. They move with a seemingly jet-propelled swiftness, and the intricate headquarters of **SHADO** are more Ian Fleming in nature than Ray Bradbury. The music, too, adds to the



The SHADO flying sub!

What is the nature and origin of this cryptic craft? Only SHADO knows for sure!



The commander surmises that a dying race, in desperate need of replacement organs from healthy people, have been finding their hopes of survival millions of miles away on earth, by conducting raids in search of human organs to kidnap in order to keep themselves alive. Wow!

"spy-thriller" type of atmosphere, and, with all this coupled with intelligent sci-fi concepts, the show's bound to be a winner.

EFFECTIVE EFFECTS

One thing the show definitely has going for it are its special effects. All the miniatures are constructed and operated by Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, who formerly worked on TV's **THUNDERBIRDS** and **CAPTAIN SCARLETT**, as well as the recent British film, **JOURNEY TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN.** The detailed construction of the models is really something to marvel at, and the optical effects are also well above-average. The Andersons are usually faced with the task of developing a flying saucer of some sort, since the scripts generally call for one to put in an appearance sometime during the hour, and this gives them a chance to experiment with different way-out techniques. There is one particularly interesting sequence in the first episode, when a missile is launched from an underwater installation and we see it break through the surface and speed toward space. This and many other scenes demonstrate the breath-taking effects work present in **UFO.**

Flying sub pilot grips controls as strange SHADO ship prepares to take off on a jolting journey from sea to sky.

UFO'S BEWARE! SHADO sharpshooter's got something in his sight as he takes careful aim in a never-ending effort to make the world a dangerous place for Unidentified Flying Objects.

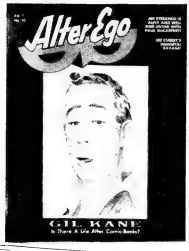
SPECIALIZED FANTASY?

But if **UFO** has any real significance, television-wise, it would have to lie in its basic premise. It appears that the age of specialized fantasy on TV is upon us. Not too long ago ABC and Universal got together and produced **THE SIXTH SENSE**, the world's first teleseries dealing with ESP and psychic phenomena. Next fall, NBC intends to look into the world of spirits with **GHOST STORY.** And now, at last, we are invited into the mysterious universe of **UFOs.** Just goes to show ya what imaginative minds the American TV watchers must have. Hmmmmmm. . . .

Well, it's just about that time again folks, as another MT exclusive draws to its close. We hope your little visit into the future proved interesting, and if it proved *too* interesting, well, the future's only three-and-a-half months away! At that time it'll be your job to keep this space-opera way up there on the ratings, so remember gang, **UFO** is there . . . but only if you care! ■

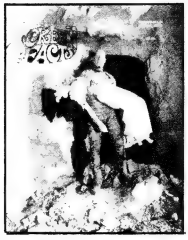
THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted betwitching black sundries. Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pulsating Post Office isn't.

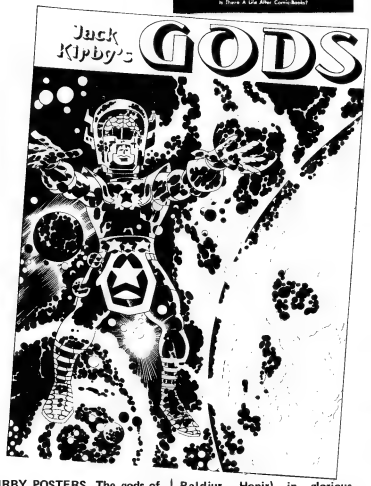


ALTER EGO 10. A professionally done fanzine heavily oriented to articles. Covered are such subjects as Gil Kane, Joe Kubert (and Tor), and Comic Conventions. Well chosen art and photos accompany the text. $1.50

ALL KINES COMICS. A delightful potpourri of artwork ranging from underground to sword and sorcery. Artists include Dennis Nolan and Robert Crumb. Color covers, 64 pages. $1.00



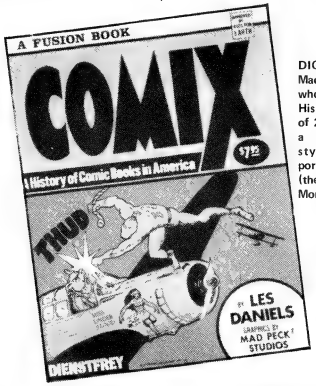
SCREEN FACTS 23/24 (double issue). This is a prize for horror film fans. The entire issue (50 + pages) consists of magnificent full-page stills from Universal horror films. Look again at Karloff, Dwight Frye, Rondo Hatton, and many grisly others. $3.00



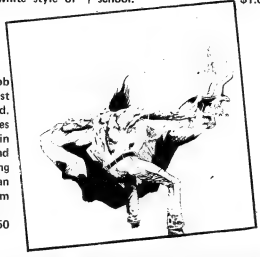
KIRBY POSTERS. The gods of Jack Kirby's new pantheon, four of them (Heimdall, Sigurd, Baldiur, Honir) in glorious Kirbycolor, on 11 x 17 posters. Good stock. $3.00

FUJITAKE. A thin 16-page booklet (8½ x 11) featuring the gothic black-and-white style of Denis Fujitake, an artist of the Jeff Jones-Berni Wrightson school. $1.00

PORT OF PERIL by Otis Adebert Kline. A hard-cover re-issue of a famous science-fiction novel located on Venus. Of special interest are the four illustrations by J. Allen St. John, one of the great masters of fantasy art. $3.00



COMIX: A HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS IN AMERICA. This is an attractive hard-cover book covering the comic book phenomenon up to today's undergrounds, a territory not previously explored in any history of the field. Thoroughly illustrated in both black-and-white and color, the books appeal extends even to its bright-colored dust-jacket. $7.95



DIG YOUR OWN GRAVE. Rob Macintyre is a Canadian artist who is young and very talented. His work is collected in a series of 21 full-page drawings done in a textured, dramatic, and stylized manner. Startling portraits of Patrick McGoohan (the Prisoner), Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, and fantasy themes. $2.50

BOGART'S FACE Hardcover 5" x 7" book containing nothing but Bogie in his various moods. Photos of him as a convict, or trench-coated, or tough or dapper. Published at $3.00. Now at a bargain half-price. $1.50

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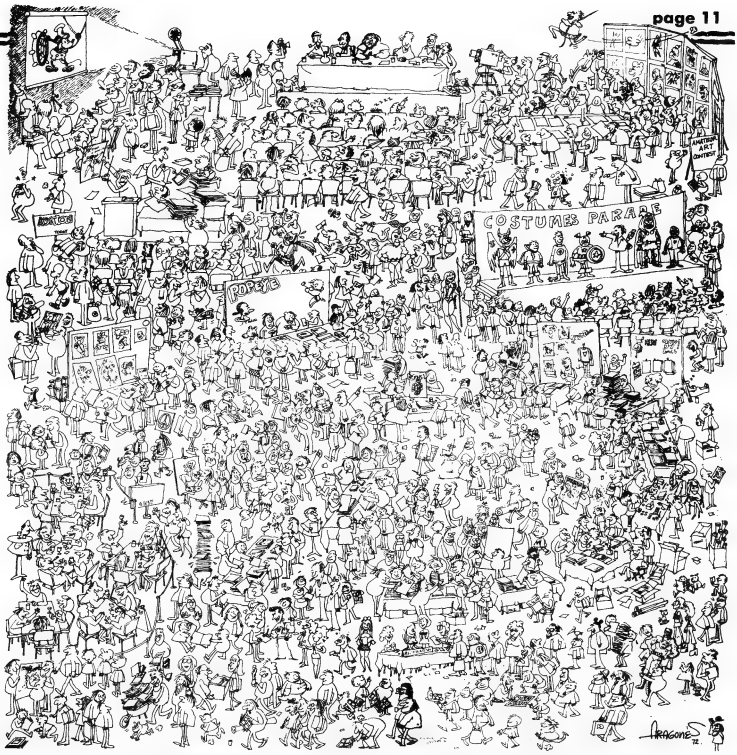


Busy poster for New York Comic Art Convention 1972 was drawn by Mad-artist Aragones. The annual July 4 weekend affair has become the traditional in-spot for comics artists, dealers, and fans.

A FAN'S TREK THROUGH COMIC BOOK CONVENTIONS

by M.C. KICHARDS

Summer fever is an occupational risk run by comic fans everywhere when the hot months give rise to comics conventions all over these united states, and the pleasurable plague has taken its toll on TMT staffers as well. Here to provide some fascinating info on the backgrounds and history of comicons is one of TMT's very own comic mavens, M.C. Kichards, who can always be found in the front row of every comics event sharpening his scores of pencils in the vain hope that someone, somewhere, will one day ask for his autograph.

Stacks and stacks of really *old* comic books! Famous artists who created the superheroes of yesterday's Comic Book Golden Age, chatting with young and talented artists of today who continue the colorful fables of costumed heroes! Dealer after dealer selling (and showing off) rare old 1930's and 1940's issues of **BATMAN, CAPTAIN MARVEL,** and **CAPTAIN AMERICA!**

What kind of pop paradise is this? What hoarder's heaven? What collector's cornucopia?

It might be in New York City, Miami, Washington, D.C., or San Diego. It could be Dallas or Houston or Atlanta or Detroit. It was, in fact, all these cities, spanning the nation coast to coast, North to South. But in each case the event was the same—a convention of comic book collectors!

Since 1964, the phenomenon of comic book fans' conventions has mushroomed. Early in that year, Bernie Bubnis, a Long Island youngster with access to a mimeograph machine, a germ of an idea, and the use of a union meeting hall in Manhattan (for a token payment), sent out a notice to everyone whose address he could find. In essence, the notice said that there would be a **"COMICON,"** a meeting place for the aficionados of comic art. Bernie went so far as to have buttons made up (in red and blue on white) which read New York Comicon 1964. Refreshments (a case of soda) were donated by a New York mail order comic book dealer. Guest star was Tom Gill, an artist who had for quite some time done the **LONE RANGER** strip. His chalk talk and amusing anecdotes were the high spot of the day, which lasted from noon to 5:00 p.m. Altogether, some 50 or 60 fans took part in this germinal venture in fan gatherings. It was the first of a series of New York gatherings that increased in size and structure every year.

A grim **GREEN LANTERN** prepares to battle his way out of a terrifying trap in a panel from National's award winning comic. **GREEN LANTERN** & his cohort **GREEN ARROW** appear in what National modestly titles the "Comix That Give A Damn," and their creators, Neal Adams and Denny O'Neil, were celebrated guests at last year's gala con.

THAT KNOCK ON THE HEAD...LEFT ME DAZED...HARD TO CONCENTRATE...
HARD TO FOCUS MY WILL THROUGH THE RING...
...UNLESS I CAN— KNOCK DOWN THAT WALL!...
HE'S RE-MORSELESSLY ...TRAPPED!

(C) 197-, National Periodical Publications, Inc.

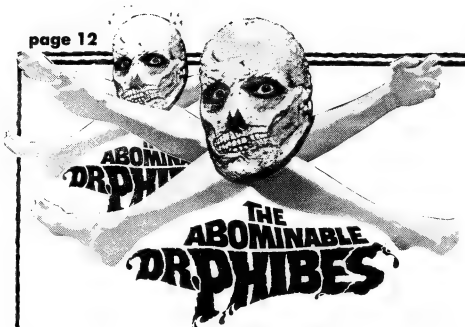
In 1965 a convention was held in the flea-bag Broadway-Central hotel, complete with hot and cold running roaches. This sleazy affair opened things up a bit by adding space and pre-advertising. Maybe 150-200 met and mingled. This time there was organized selling, dealers having recognized a good thing when they tripped over it. One of the dealers was young Jim Steranko, who tacked up on the wall a number of his original characters. Jim went to work for Marvel on the **CAPT. AMERICA** and **NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD** strips, as well as hitting the top of the paperback book cover field with his paintings. The Broadway-Central was a rough beginning, but it began a new style of convention: the glorious marketplace, a bazaar of high-temptation goodies which were worth coming to see!

By 1966, the Comicon had moved to the City Squire Motor Inn, (since sold to the Red Chinese Delegates at the U.N.). The gala that year was held by Dave Kaler, as a function of the *Academy of Comic Book Fans and Collectors*, a sort of has-been and never-really-was organization. Because of static somewhere along the lines of communication, other people believed Kaler would not hold a convention that year. Therefore, with John Benson taking on the chores, *another* convention was held the same year, this one at the Park-Sheraton. Each convention drew about 250 people, and each had strong claims to success.

In 1967, Kaler and the Academy held their last convention, drawing nearly 300 people. In that year, comics fandom also got a taste of their first rip-off convention. Held by a callous and incompetent minor publisher at a grimy YMCA, it was a grab the money and run affair, hurting good people who had been faked out about the "honorable" intentions of the "host."

In 1968, a newly organized corporate group staged the convention that elevated comicons to a new level, the **INTERNATIONAL** Convention of Comic Art. Held at the Statler-Hilton hotel, it was a coming-of-age party for comics fandom. An astonishing 750 attended the

Continued on page 30



HE CAME
BACK FROM
THE DEAD
FOR REVENGE!
. . . with Nine
Diabolical Curses . . .
BEES . . . BATS
BEASTS . . . BLOOD
FROGS . . . HAIL
LOCUSTS . . .
DARKNESS . . .
DEATH!

Dr. Phibes' personality is split right down the middle: half of him is evil, and the other half is worse.

IS PHUN! . . . NOT PHIZZLE By Ed Naha

What famous scientist said the following during a recent Cryonics Convention: "It is not such a wise policy, Doctor, to start giving the Dead ideas!" Well, if you don't know the answer to that one, don't feel too bad. But if we should ask you who gives off the worst phibes in the world, you should be able to come up with the answer without a moment's hesitation: the ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES, of course. And, for his legions of fans, the case history of the doctor is given, right down to the last demented detail.

For some odd reason, of late, mediocre or just plain awful films of horror/science fiction have been hailed as minor masterpieces. A few years back movies like NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, and NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS would have been booed off the screen by anyone with a working IQ in the plus column. Well, since either IQ's or films have gone downhill lately, a few quality works have been allowed to slip into cinematic limbo, one of the latest being American International's THE ABOMINABLE DOCTOR PHIBES starring Vincent Price.

For one reason or another, PHIBES has escaped the attention of most. This Nicholson-Arkoff collaboration boasts some of the most imaginative settings and whimsical plot twists seen in some time on American screens. Briefly, the story traces the efforts of Dr. Anton Phibes (Vincent Price), a rich mechanical genius and former vaudevillian, in his bizarre vendetta against the members of a surgical team he believes to responsible for the death of his wife, and in a roundabout way, for the car accident which left him horribly scarred. Hiding his face behind a waxen image, Phibes plots the demise of head surgeon Dr. Vesalius (Joseph Cotten) and associates.

Set in the early thirties, Dr. Phibes' abode is a Caligari-like structure brimming with early cinema house designs, mechanical dolls, over-sized music boxes, and eerie ballrooms. Aided by the mysteriously beautiful Vulnavie (Virginia North), Phibes determines to send each doctor to his or her doom by implementing the ten curses of the Pharoah found in the Old Testament.

Phibes' rather demented scheme isn't noticed by British police initially. It is not until Detective Inspector Trout (Peter Jeffrey) and his assistant Sergeant Schenley (Norman Jones) find Phibes' second victim, Dr. Dunwoody, (Edward Burnham) ripped apart by bats do they recall a similar case but a fortnight earlier wherein the victim was literally stung to death by swarms of bees. While police search for clues, Phibes stalks a new victim. Meeting his target, Dr. Hargreaves (Alex Scott) at a masquerade ball, Phibes presents the unwary MD with a face mask shaped like the head of a giant frog. When donned, a tiny mechanism in the head-dress causes the neck to contract, crushing the head inside to a pulp.

Several steps behind Phibes are the police, who have now discovered that all those murdered were, at one time or another, connected with Dr. Vesalius. Leaving the Inspector to ponder over theories, Phibes corners Dr. Longstreet in his plush living room and drains the aristocratic gent (Terry-Thomas) of his blood, leaving behind a large clue to his plan in the form of a Hebrew amulet.

From the letters carved on the jewelry, police unlock the key to the murderous pattern found in the biblical curses and surmise that as yet unused are the curses of rats, hail, locusts, beasts, first born and darkness. But before the police can act, Phibes, with the help of a small piece of electronic wizardry, traps Dr. Hadgepath (David Hutchinson) in his car and exposes him to a man-made hailstorm, transferring the white haired gentleman into a white skinned popsicle, of the flavor homo sapiens.

The curse of rats puts the bite on Dr. Kitjag (Peter Gilmore) in the cockpit of his plane where he is surprised by a few dozen rabied passengers. Helplessly strapped to his pre-war air machine, Kitjag is devoured in a scene that makes WILLARD look like MICKEY MOUSE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

An apparent animal lover, Phibes is not through yet. Dr. Whitcomb (Maurice Kaufman) is literally stapeled to a wall through a head-first encounter with a brass unicorn catapulted through a doorway and the bones of pretty Nurse Allen (Susan Travers) are found in her bed, picked clean by ravenous locusts.

A mad doctor's mad doctor, Phibes showed a fine sense of class in everything he did, be it killing, strangling, torturing or any of the other pursuits peculiar to men of science. He and Vulnavia's marriage continued to work throughout the years, too, despite obstacles like death and mutilation, so often the cause of marital discord.

Attempting to get at his victims on a more personal level, Phibes kidnaps Lem Vesalius (Sean Bury) the son of the chief surgeon, in order to lure Vesalius Sr. to his lair. Once confident the doctor is in his power, Phibes reveals that he indeed has escaped death in that supposedly fatal car crash he experienced while rushing to his dying wife's side. He demonstrates the extent of his injuries by showing Vesalius the electric sockets attached to his vocal chords beneath his plastic face, and the loudspeakers which transmit his voice to the world. Then, flinging down his mask he reveals his true image, that of nothing more than the face of death itself . . . a human skull! (In a film with few flaws, this last scene is a pinnacle of disappointment. The face of Phibes, created by Trevor Crole-Rees is about as horrifying and as realistic as those displayed in Woolworth's during Halloween season.)

Vesalius finds his son strapped to an operating table beneath a spiral tube of acid. Phibes tells the surgeon that the acid will drip down onto the boy's face if he is not unlocked from the table. Vesalius has six minutes to recover the key . . . which has been implanted by Phibes next to the boy's heart.

Operating quickly, Vesalius removes the key barely in time. Inspector Trout and company burst into Phibes' house of horrors in time to find Vulnavia partaking in an unexpected acid shower and Phibes diving into a coffin built for two. Lying next to his long dead wife, Phibes is automatically embalmed and a giant slab drops into place above the couple entombing them forever. The curse of darkness has been reserved for Phibes himself.

THE ABOMINABLE DOCTOR PHIBES, a solid piece' of fantasy, served as a vehicle marking the return of Vincent Price to the realm of the macabre after a sabbatical of nearly a year and a half. Price's happy homecoming has apparently launched a sequel to be filmed this year. All Phibes fans need not worry, the good doctor will be making house calls in his own special fashion again soon. ■

After an absence of a year and a half, Crowned King of Horror Vincent Price showed up on screen—to the dismay of the pallid pretenders to his throne.

SPACED OUT!!!

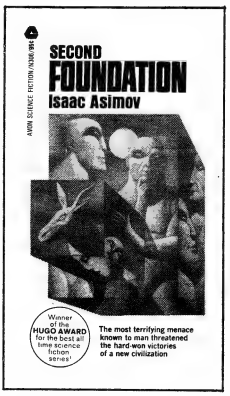
A new feature has been added to the already illustrious pages of TMT, namely a book review column designed to keep you up to date on the state of the galaxy, as seen through the visionary eyes of the Sci-Fi greats. Keeping their ears to the cosmos and their nose to the literary grindstone will be none other than ace outer space critics Joe Thomasino (of Comic Fandom Monthly fame) and Don & Maggie Thompson, the George & Martha of the fandom field. And, if what they have to say is any indication, things are gettin' spacier all the time . . .

Isaac Asimov is a good author of any kind and in my opinion one of the greatest authors of science-fiction. A very productive writer, he has turned out more than one hundred books on topics ranging from anthropology and biology to the study of words. However, I know him best as a science-fiction writer and my favorite work or rather set of works is his classic **FOUNDATION TRILOGY.** This is a series of three novels, **FOUNDATION, FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE** and **SECOND FOUNDATION.** These books are so smoothly and closely linked that when they are discussed they are always taken as a whole, and referred to as the **TRILOGY.** Each of these novels is a gem but taken together they are more precious than the Hope Diamond to someone who is a reader of science-fiction.

Basically the **TRILOGY** traces 1000 years of future history dealing with the fall of the galactic Trantorian Empire, the rise of the Foundation and the eventual establishment of a new galactic civilization. What we see here is the end-point in a scheme of history set up by Asimov when he first started writing sci-fi in the late 1930's. Most of Asimov's science-fiction takes place somewhere along this imaginary stream of time he has created and are integral parts of Asimov's universe of the future. Other of his great novels like **A PEBBLE IN THE SKY, THE CURRENTS OF SPACE** and **THE CAVES OF STEEL** show the developments in this future culture which lead to the creation of the Trantorian Empire, the fall of which is the start of this fantastic trilogy. These novels are not merely dusty history books of the future, they are exciting adventures as well.

The central theme of the trilogy concerns a great scientist, Hari Seldon who lived at about the time the Trantorian Empire is collapsing. He discovers that with the fall 30,000 years of barbarism, a new dark age, will occur unless someone takes steps to preserve the worthwhile things of the human culture and prevent them from being swept up and forgotten in the confusion that must follow the disastrous dissolution of imperial Trantor. He develops a method of predicting the future, called psycho-history, and uses this to create a planet of scientists and teachers along with great computer libraries of all of man's knowledge on the fringe of the galaxy called Foundation. By establishing Foundation he hopes to cut short the dark age to only 1000 years. He periodically advises the Foundation during times of crisis by appearing by way of pre-taped messages to the people of Foundation when computers decide a crisis is at hand. This may sound pretty boring but this is the framework of an exciting set of adventures. The Foundation becomes an important and powerful force, politically, militarily and economically in the galaxy after the fall. Seldon's advice and the gifts of knowledge and technology he gave the Foundation soon make it a force to contend with. The scientists, great captains and merchant/pirate princes of Foundation carve out a large sphere of influence and indirectly spread and maintain civilization in the shattered galaxy. Their power and the jealously guarded secret of the location of Foundation arouse the envy of the other warlords who have sprung up among the ruins of once mighty Trantor. The Foundation eventually runs too far afoul of the greatest of the warlords, the Mule.

The Mule is a mutant. A strange creature, he derives his power from his great intelligence and his mutant ability, the power to read and control men's minds telepathically. No one knows what he really looks like, or what his true goals and ambitions are. His alien and fascinating abilities enable him to find Foundation and bring it under his control. He soon finds, though, that Hari Seldon foresaw this and created a Second Foundation in another part of the galaxy, its location also a secret. The Mule realizes he must find it to insure his complete domination of the universe and desperately attempts to do so. His efforts and the efforts of others to find the Second Foundation, its location and eventual completion of Seldon's plan and the true nature and appearance of the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SECOND
FOUNDATION
Isaac Asimov
Winner of the HUGO AWARD for the best all time science fiction series!
The most terrifying menace known to man threatened the hard-won victories of a new civilization

mutant Mule are deliciously exciting elements of the **TRILOGY** which I will leave to the reader to discover for himself.

The **FOUNDATION TRILOGY** is loaded with strange, eerie and beautiful people and planets, spine-tingling adventure and suspenseful, imaginative plot twists. What makes it a great series of novels however is that Asimov has taken these enjoyable ingredients and created three books linked together to lead a stimluating, dramatic and somehow satisfying and fulfilling conclusion. The great ending of **SECOND FOUNDATION** tops off the trilogy which was held together by Hari Seldon's psycho-history and the attempt to preserve civilization in the galaxy. The Trilogy itself tops off Asimov's works which are all part of the events leading up to the collapse of the Trantorian Empire and the development of the Foundation. The **FOUNDATION TRILOGY** is considered by all readers of science-fiction to be a great classic masterpiece. I will go one step further. I believe it is the greatest series of novels ever written in science-fiction. I heartily recommend the **TRILOGY** to anyone interested in sci-fi or to anyone who wants to read a fascinating set of books with plenty of weird people, places and things and lots of thrilling adventure.

■ Joseph Thomasino

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Spider-Man is a legend. In the ten or so years of his existence, he's proven to people that super-powered humans can have problems, too. Spidey, as his fans affectionately call him, has become a folk hero to the college-aged people of this country. His problems are their problems, his desires are their desires. One would think that the writers and artists were writing of their own experiences, their own anxieties, rather than the travails of a fictional character.

But they weren't. The original creators, Stan Lee, an ebullient, quick-talking writer, and Steve Ditko, a quiet, almost secretive artist, were not young. Both were comic veterans who felt the need to introduce an element of realism into comic books. And while they couldn't draw on their own experiences, they simulated the concerns of the young so well that Spider-Man became synonymous with the youth of America.

Stan Lee and Steve Ditko have left Spider-Man, but the character has not basically changed. Lee has given way to Gerry Conway, a young man in his early twenties, who's already a veteran comic scripter. Ditko left John Romita in his wake. Romita is a balding, average-looking man who is a proven professional. Together they have assumed the duty of keeping Spider-Man part of the young scene. Their ideas will determine the future of America's most troubled super-hero, Spider-Man.

In this special Monster Times interview, Gerry Conway and John Romita discuss the trials and tribulations of working for comics, and more specifically, the work that goes into creating the wonderous wall-crawler himself, Spider-Man.

This here guy is friendly neighborhood Spider-Man #47. He was photographed by staff photographers as he casually climbed the sheer walls of the MONSTER TIMES building. Spidey's feats of derring-do have been written and drawn by many folks. Stan Lee, Roy Thomas and current scripter Gerry Conway have supplied the stories, while Steve Ditko, Gil Kane and now Johnny Romita (who drew this Spidey) have handled the artistic chores. Popular man, that fellow!

"Look, in the sky... it's a bird!..it's a plane! ...NO!...IT'S... SPIDER-MAN?"

Conversation with Spider-Man artist, John Romita by Gerry Conway, Spider-Man writer.

John Romita flashes the smile that caused other Marvel staffers to dub him Jazzy Johnny. The shirt doesn't hurt either. Here he takes time off to pose in his Long Island home. Behind him are countless issues of Marvel comics, and one copy of THE NEW GODS published by the competition. Hmmm . . . John had better watch out—Spidey's spying on his carefree creator and he's not going to like him reading the competition. . . .

"When Stan started to add reality to super-heroes, adding real things to their lives, he also brought in the real world, and started a chain reaction which gets a little bit hairy at times, because we don't know where to stop."

Many thanx to Susan Palermo for taking these pix of Johnny Romita for us.

The office at Marvel Comics has a warm look; it seems like the sort of place where people can sit around talking, working, generally having a good time. And it is. Posters on the wall—most of them of the many Marvel heroes, the most prominent being the great green Hulk and a life-sized Spider-Man—cartoons and character sketches, cover proofs, deadline schedules, artwork, chickens—the usual paraphernalia of a busy office. And tucked off in a corner next to a paper slicer, sandwiched between his drawing board and a pegboard wall covered with his favorite Spidey illustrations, sits the man most responsible for the Web-Slinger's current direction—Jazzy John Romita himself.

Well, the Jazzy part's a nickname of Stan Lee's, and like many of Stan's nicknames, it's meant more for its affection than its appropriateness. John is a man in his middle middle age, a pleasant-faced, stocky draftsman who always seems to be smiling—if he's not

looking guilty about a missed deadline. If you're new to Marvel comics, John sticks out like a sore thumb—usually, he and his inking assistant, Tony Mortellaro, are the only ones in the office wearing both a shirt and tie. Sometimes people wear shirts, but no ties; other times . . .

I first met John two years ago, when Stan asked me to work up a few Fantastic Four plots to help the new FF artist get into the book—which was like asking a blind man to help a professional brain surgeon. The plots were mostly a test of my story ability, and as such, they must have proved something, because shortly after I received my first full-book assignment, Daredevil, a book I've written to this day. As stories, however, they didn't work so well—neither of them was ever used—but they introduced me to the quiet-spoken artist I now work with every month. It was quite an introduction. John picked my brain, and I picked his, and for the first time, I saw what it was like to work with a truly inventive story-teller; the man is, literally, a comic-book genius. Working with him is like running behind a train—you keep trying to catch up, but it's always just a little bit beyond you—until suddenly it's off in the distance, drawing further away with each triumphant *chug!*

Shortly after I was assigned the scripting chores on Spider-Man, John and I got together for a chat about the characters, the story-line, the direction the book had taken, and the direction we hoped we could make it go. John, who's been in comics since 1950, told me some interesting things about himself and his relation to the Spider-Man character, and from that conversation I worked out the idea of this article—which follows, without any further ado.

CONWAY: John, how long have you been working in comics, anyway?

ROMITA: I've been in it since 1950, and before that, in photography for about three years, advertising, commercial work. I did recruiting posters in the Army while I was still doing comics, and since 1950, I've been doing comics almost exclusively.

CONWAY: Do you prefer working in comics? I know that many artists do more commercial work, because it pays so much more—

ROMITA: I was probably typical—for the first five or six years I was in comics, it was just a temporary thing, a stepping stone—always envisioning going into advertising, or magazine illustration, with comics as only a stop-gap, a way to make money—and then I suddenly realized I didn't *need* the other stuff. It was more trouble than it was worth—the dealings, the running around—talking to art directors, which is all a waste of time. And I realized, that with comics, I could get just as much gratification, and steady money—more steady money, maybe not as much big money, for in illustration you make a lot of big money for short periods, and then for a time, no money at all. I figured it would even out.

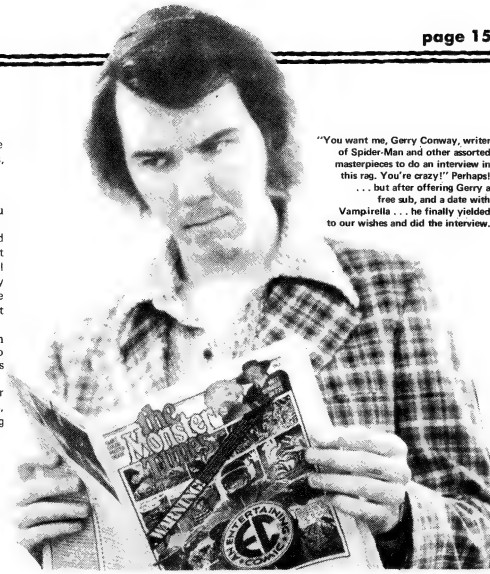
"I think we had a turning point with the drug issues. We proved something That we can make a comic exciting, and sell books . . . and serve a purpose."

CONWAY: During the fifties you drew Captain America for Timely, didn't you?

ROMITA: Right. Before that, I did some war books, some westerns, a little romance work. And suddenly they revised a few of the super-hero titles—*Sub-Mariner, The Human Torch, and Captain America.* So I did a short Captain America feature in *Young Men,* for about three or four issues, and then Stan decided to go for a full book, and I did it—it didn't run very long—less than a year.

CONWAY: So until the sixties, you didn't really have much contact with the comic book super-hero.

Continued on page 18



"You want me, Gerry Conway, writer of Spider-Man and other assorted masterpieces to do an interview in this rag. You're crazy!" Perhaps! . . . but after offering Gerry a free sub, and a date with Vampirella . . . he finally yielded to our wishes and did the interview.

"All those years, from '50 until 1965, fifteen years, I was in comics . . . I had never really become interested, really interested. It was just a job. Just a plain illustration. But this new approach of Stan's grabbed me . . . it was interesting."

Summertime is no different for Spider-Man than it is for normal people. Here Spidey plays hammock for lovely Mary Jane Watson. Which would all be fine, except we want to know what happens when Spidey's real girl-friend (Gwen Stacy) finds out? (You can catch this illo in FANCAL '72, a calendar produced by Byron Preiss, 1304 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn, N.Y., for $2.75.)

JOHN ROMITA 70

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Our marvelous shot of Spidey and the Green Goblin was drawn by Gil Kane and was originally done for an issue of Spider Man a couple of months ago. The wall crawling paraphernalia was drawn by Spidey's original artist, Steve Ditko.

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

LOSING YOUR GRIP, SPIDER-MAN?

IT HAD TO HAPPEN..

I PLANNED IT THIS WAY!

One of Spider-Man's most valuable assets is his clinging ability! Like a giant human spider, his hands and feet support him against the pull of gravity as though they have thousands of tiny suction cups!

No matter how smooth a surface may be . . . no matter how high, or how precarious it may be, any area that an actual spider can cling to can also support the amazing teenage adventurer!

Inasmuch as his webbing is his most potent weapon, the masked adventurer always carries spare web-fluid capsules clipped onto his ingeniously designed utility belt!

As any Spider-Man reader knows, Spidey's web-shooter is worn at his wrist and activated by the slightest touch of his finger upon the super-sensitive electrode located on the palm of his hand!

By adjusting the nozzle of his web-shooter in one easy motion, Spidey can eject his web fluid in any one of three different ways. . . .

1. As a thin, incredibly strong line . . .

2. As a fine, quick-spreading spray . . .

3. Or as a thick tremendously adhesive liquid . . . !

Never fear, group, as bad as it looks for the old Wall-Crawler, with all those marvelous life-saving devices he'll live to crawl another day. As for the Green Goblin, well . . .

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"I got my job through the Monster Times," bellows Johnny Romita as MT cameras caught him in the act of pencilling another Spider-Man story. Notice the free standing light fixture John has installed above his drawing board.

ROMITA: Right. It was always my natural inclination, for in comic books I was a Kirby fan, and in syndication I was a Caniff fan—so if I was working in comics, I assumed I should work like Kirby, and when I got a chance at Captain America, I became so excited I tensed up—and it was really bad stuff. I had dreams of getting loose and starting to do Kirby stuff, just pure, wild, out-of-the-panel Kirby action—and then they dropped the book. And I was back doing romance, and westerns—I was stuck in westerns for about two years. And I always had that urge, that desire to do super-heroes, but I never got a chance.

CONWAY: I know that at some point you shifted from the Timely-Atlas Company *(Marvel Comic's old publication name—Ed.)* to National Periodicals. When was that, and why did you make the move?

ROMITA: In '57, when the bottom fell out—the Timely Books—they cut it to the bone, to about three or four books, only about one or two artists were kept working, and I was just told they didn't need me anymore—So I went over to National (I had done some romance job pencils for them from time to time on the side), and at first I inked a couple of jobs—Mike Sekowsky, some Werner Roth—and the next thing I knew I was pencilling them, inking them, covers—I did the majority of the romance covers for five or six years, I was the anchor man in the romance line. I lasted there eight years, altogether.

CONWAY: When did you finally leave?

ROMITA: Well, in '65, they had an inventory back-up over at National in the romance department, so thev told me they weren't going to be able to give me steady work—and they wouldn't even tell me how *much* they'd be able to give me, at that. I just walked out. I couldn't take a chance—they said it might be as long as six months. I called Stan, and he told me to come right up. I came over on a Friday afternoon, I remember—and by the time I left, he'd given me an *Avenger's* story to ink, and we were talking about my pencilling *Daredevil.*

CONWAY: Wow. Quite a bit of confidence in you.

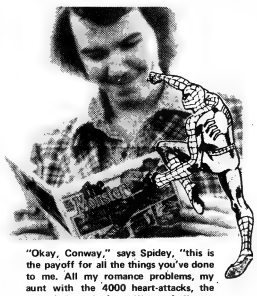
ROMITA: I was completely floored, because I wasn't sure I'd even be able to do it anymore, I was out of practice for so long. He said, "Of course you can." There were some bad moments—the first three or four pages were awful, not *Daredevil* at all. But eventually it worked out.

CONWAY: In other words, when you went over to Marvel in 1965, you had no idea of what was happening with Stan's comics?

ROMITA: I was completely uninformed. No idea about the boom, about the new trend, anything. I didn't know what Stan was talking about when he started telling me.

CONWAY: How did you finally become involved in the Marvel mythos? You seem to know as much about the characters as Stan, or anyone. Possibly more.

ROMITA: I remember the first time we had a long session—he really gave me twenty-one guns, right in the face. He threw everything at me—his whole philosophy, his whole approach—I took all the Spider-Man books he could scrounge up, four-fifths of the Spider-Man books he'd written—brought them all home—and he said, "Hey, put in a voucher—if you take three, four days, read them all. Cover to cover. In case I need you to do Spider-Man—I want you to be prepared." I knew the handwriting was on the wall. I guess I got it from those books, and from the discussions with Stan—those first four or five discussions were very impressive, to me. All those years, from '50 until 1965, fifteen years, I was in comics—and except for a few times that Stan and I had gotten excited—with Captain America, and a couple of western features—I had never



"Okay, Conway," says Spidey, "this is the payoff for all the things you've done to me. All my romance problems, my aunt with the 4000 heart-attacks, the public's hatred of me. Worst of all, you can't even write. That this . . ." Conway is now resting peacefully in Mount Sinai Hospital with a fractured face . . . .

really become interested, really interested. It was just a job. Just a plain illustration. But this new approach of Stan's grabbed me—it was interesting.

CONWAY: That seems to have been the problem for a lot of artists and writers before Stan came along, developing this new idea—

ROMITA: It was aimless! No approach—we even had conferences up at National, all the artists and writers and editors would get together and discuss. It was a very wise idea—but we never arrived at anything, it was all nebulous. Donnenfeld (the former publisher of National Periodicals) used to say, he thought the audience was twelve-year-olds—one of my editors thought they were sixteen years old, another said ten—there was no sense to it.

CONWAY: So Stan came along and decided the readership was pretty much young adult—and was intelligent enough to understand realistic, humanistic problems.

ROMITA: There were two facets to the approach. First, he said—no script. At that, I laughed—to heck with that, I'm not going to know where to begin. He said, "You'll love it," and I said, "You're crazy." I took it home, and I sweated—I killed myself on that first *Daredevil* story. He loved it. I'd thought he'd hate it, and let me get back to inking. But he loved it.

I didn't want to sweat. But somehow, he lit a fire under me—against my own wishes. He started me enjoying telling a story. So I have mixed emotions about telling a story—I dread it, but I enjoy it. I find I'm alive, where before I was dead—pretty lines, but no emotion, no life. That was one thing. The other was the way he approached the books—he said, if a kid picked up the book, and flipped through it, and saw something he liked—you've got him. Whatever it was, a location, a picture that caught his eye—you've got him. So, okay, he'll buy the book, and read it—maybe—or just follow the pictures, whatever. He's going to enjoy the pictures. Other guys, who get through the first three or four pictures which may bother them—start to read the dialogue, and *that* grabs *them.* So it was a bi-level, or maybe even a multi-level book he was doing; it wasn't done to appeal to just one age group, he was writing dialogue which was much deeper than a twelve year old could understand, but he was doing stories which twelve-year olds could appreciate. It was that multi-level story—and I said, "Of course! Why hasn't anyone done this before?" And just about that time, as it really started to grab me, he put me on Spider-Man.

CONWAY: How would you and Stan work out plots for the Spider-Man book?

ROMITA: Most of the time he'd just fill me in on what the characters were, what really made them tick. We'd spend the plotting time thinking, what would so-and-so do, how would she react, what would she say, how does he feel, and so on. The plots would grow out of that. If you threw a pack of cigarettes onto a table in a room filled with people, there's nothing happening if you don't know who the people are—but if you do, then one reaction is going to be one way, another reaction another way—and maybe you can build a story out of the way everyone reacts. One little catalyst. He'd throw a villain at me, and by the time I'd leave his office, we'd have a story. Like with Doc Ock. Once you get a premise, everything falls into place—and is still falling into place, with you and me.

CONWAY: Speaking of that, what do you think will be Spidey's direction in the future, where we should go, what we should try?

ROMITA: I think we had a turning point with the drug issues (two books featuring The Green Goblin, with a sub-plot about drug addiction, were published last year.—Ed.). We proved something. That we can make a comic exciting, and sell books—and serve a purpose. I don't like to make ponderous points, but if the opportunity appears to make some kind of parallel, or to point up some shortcoming in the world, or some shortcoming in people, we have a responsibility to do so, just like a newspaper. When Stan started to add reality to super-heroes, adding real things to their lives, he also brought in the real world, and started a chain reaction which gets a little bit hairy at times, because you don't know where to stop. But we can do more now—since the drug issue, we can do more than present a reflection. Maybe even suggest an avenue—or a direction—out. At least we can try to add something.

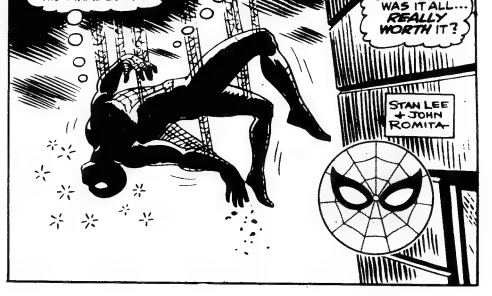
* * *

As for myself, I can only echo John's words. Comic books are only entertainment, but they're a particularly popular form of entertainment with

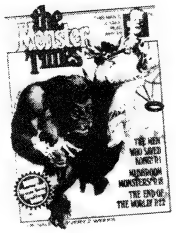
Continued on page 29

We could have picked any Spider-Man cover in the world to reproduce for your enjoyment, but the marvelous Monster Times staff couldn't resist redubbing the story behind this cover THE ICEMAN COMETH.

This is a panel from the abortive Spider-Man newspaper strip. The only place it was ever printed was in MARVELMANIA, a defunct Marvel fan Mag edited by TMT contributor Mark Evanier.


I'M HELPLESS... CAN'T EVEN MOVE!
WHAT A WAY...FOR SPIDEY...TO MAKE HIS FINAL EXIT!
AFTER ALL THE BATTLES... ALL THE TRIUMPHS...I NEVER DREAMT...IT WOULD END...LIKE THIS!
I NEVER THOUGHT... I'D SOMEDAY WONDER... WAS IT ALL... REALLY WORTH IT?
STAN LEE + JOHN ROMITA

TMT BACK ISSUE DEPT.



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Every day people line up outside the TMT office clamoring for back issues . . . and lately we've noticed a number of them carrying ropes, buckets of tar, and baskets of feathers! So, before we run out of back issues, or they run us out of town, you'd better fill in the coupon on the right . . . do it, do it, do it! RIGHT NOW!

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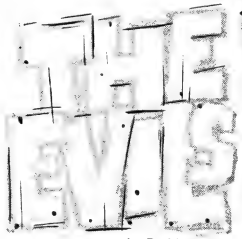
TMT Bloodbrother Buddy Weiss scrapes the very bottom of Hemisphere Pictures' barrel of blood in this the final installment of our blood'n'gore festival. This time he takes a look at BRIDES OF BLOOD and BRAIN OF BLOOD and it is his solemn promise that these will be the very last of the blood epics to befoul the otherwise impeccable dignity of the pages of this publication. Let's hope so. . . .

. . . GOOD TO THE VERY LAST DROP!

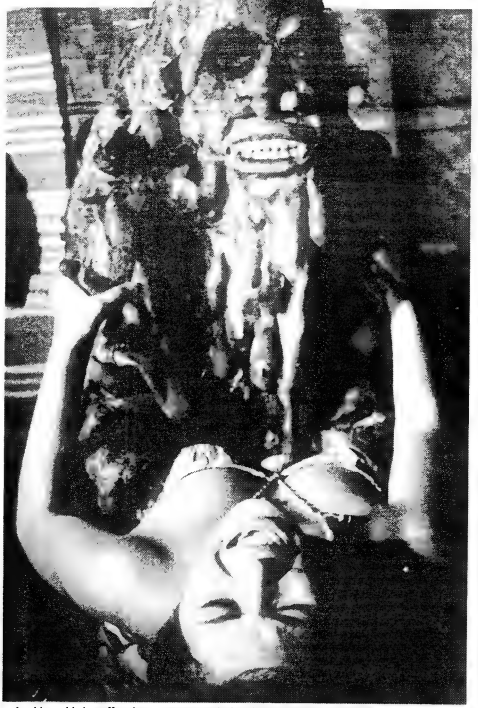


by Buddy Weiss

It's that time again, gang, time to return to Blood Island to follow the further adventures of former Grade-B teen idol John Ashley and the whole bloody crew far their anemic encounter with the **BRIDES OF BLOOD.** In this one (which, chronologically, is actually the FIRST of the Blood series, but who really cares?), Ashley essays the role of Jim Farrel, Peace Corps worker and freelance idealist. Accompanied by Dr. Paul Henderson, himself a U.S. Government naturalist (whatever the heck that might happen to be), and his beautiful, voluptuous wife Carla, Ashley arrives on Blood Island to see what kind of terrible troubles he can manage to involve himself in.

As the ship docks, Ashley and friends are greeted by the saddened faces of the natives of Blood Island, who look like they have not only been touched by some undisclosed tragedy but literally smacked in the face with it. Whether the roots of this sadness lie in on- or off-screen mishaps is not made clear but, at any rate, two of the natives, an old man named Arcadio and Arcadio's granddaughter Alam, have disturbing tales to tell. As soon as the trio of Americans disboard the boat, they are informed by the native pair of some strange occurrences that have been happening on the island. (Incidentally, if all this is beginning to sound familiar, you can pass the rest of this piece on by and go and ruin your mind with one of our more relevant articles).

At any rate, moving on, it seems that Dr. Henderson has been sent to Blood Island to investigate rumors of the sudden mutation of plant and animal life on the isle resulting from atomic testing activities in the nearby Pacific Ocean. At this point, the severed head and arm of a native girl turn up, just to add a little preliminary blood and gore to this already slow moving film, which has been in "progress" for at least five minutes now.



Looking a bit less effete but no more convincing than the pressbook sketch at left, this Blood Island ogre vows his fealty to one of many **BRIDES OF BLOOD,** a vow that will remain unbroken until death does she part.

Right about here, John Ashley decides to take the invisible tape off his mouth and become friendly with the beautiful Alam, since Carla is already married to Dr. Henderson, and those are the only two girls he knows on the island. Anyway, he explains that he and Dr. Henderson are there to help the people of Blood Island—to help in the construction of a school house, health center, and possibly even a recreation area for blood monsters to enable them to channel their natural drives into worthier and less destructive outlets.

—THE PLOT SICKENS—

New and secret ingredients are now tossed into this static horror stew. The Americans are invited to stay at the home of one Stephen Powers, a large landowner who occupies a huge mansion on the island. Upon their arrival they are greeted by a servant named Goro who looks something like a cross between Jackie Gleason and an ape (as does Mr. Gleason himself at times). On the way to the mansion, though, a funny thing happens. A plant whom Nature, in her infinite Wisdom deemed should lead a motionless life rooted in the good earth, begins to move. Upon closer inspection, Dr. Henderson deduces that the bark is definitely of the genus musa sapientum but he is unable to figure out the whys and wherefores behind its strange and unnatural growth.

To make an overlong story as short as possible, Henderson finds something resembling a roach, only one with horns and fangs; Carla tries to have an affair with the wealthy landowner Powers; the trees and vines on Blood Island thwart the evolutionary scheme by developing tentacles, the better to entwine their victims; and native virgins are being used up at nothing less than an alarming rate as sacrifices to the strange monsters who now rule the proceedings with a sharp and iron claw.

The star of the sacrificial rite set for the evening in question is none other than Alam, the native girl whom John Ashley is supposed to be in love with. At least that's what it says in the script. John heroically rescues the helpless Alam (she's called Alam in the movie script, and Alma in the pressbook synopsis—not, as they say, that it matters) only to discover that Dr. Henderson and Carla are missing. For some strange reason, the pair had nothing better to do that evening and so decided to take a walk into the jungle—a walk leading straight into the jaws of the monster who, like any self-respecting member of the monsters' union (Blood Island Chapter), devoured them on sight. At this point, Ashley is the sole surviving American left on Blood Island, and one of the few remaining "actors." For a moment, he attempts to imitate a mien of sadness, a sadness born of the death of his friends. Unfortunately, his attempts at emoting fail to work and, if anything, Ashley almost appears to be quite happy to be, through the process of elimination, the cinematic center of attention.

MONSTER MASHED

John now remembers that there is a job to be done, a monster to be destroyed, and he appeals to the natives for help. (Actually he "appeals" to no one, and hasn't in years. What Buddy is trying to say is that Ashley *asked* the natives for aid—Ed.) Having themselves nothing more pressing to attend to, and no doubt becoming understandably bored by the proceedings, the natives agree to aid and abet Ashley in his cause. Armed with his flareguns and torches, they manage to trap the poor monster in a bamboo hut and set the highly combustible home afire. And the final scenes are filled with terror and laughs as John tries to save Alam from both the raging fire and the equally raging monster. Since, as has been mentioned before, this happened to be the first of the Blood Island films, John would at least have to succeed in saving himself to come back as Dr. Bill Foster in **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND** and to repeat that role in **BEAST OF BLOOD.** If you want to find out about these films, check out **MT** #11. If you want to find out if Alam was saved and the monster killed, then forget about eating that day (the Blood movies perform a great service for weight-watchers, at least), and go see **BRIDES OF BLOOD** at the seediest theater in your town, for it is there, if anywhere, that the flick will most likely be playing.

The Monster's head is really cookin' with ideas, none of which are destined to insure his popularity among local Blood Island beauties. This lively depiction of an electrifying moment from **BRAINS OF BLOOD** was rendered by none other than Gray Morrow, comic art master & MT contributor, who must have been starving at the time.

BRAIN OF BLOOD

Forging on ahead, or behind, depending upon how you wish to look at it, we now take a glimpse at Hemisphere's latest blood release, entitled **BRAIN OF BLOOD.** The film stars ex-Incredible Shrinking Man Grant Williams, whose equally incredible shrinking career has dwindled down to this, as well as Reed Hadley (older readers will remember him as Captain Braddock on the **RACKET SQUAD TV** series in the 50's) and Kent Taylor, formerly the star of TV's **BOSTON BLACKIE** series. Directed by Al Adamson from a script by Joe Van Rodgers, **BRAIN OF BLOOD** shared a double bill with **VAMPIRE PEOPLE.** Hemisphere's copywriters really racked their own blood brains to come up with catchlines for the flick, ones that turned out to be real classics of the genre. A **BLOOD-DRIPPING BRAIN TRANSPLANT TURNS A MANIAC INTO A MONSTER!** reads one, which

Gruesome Gor gets hapless victim to play right into his outsized hand in tense scene from **BRAIN OF BLOOD,** the blood film to end all blood films . . . hopefully.

smacks of nit-picking to us, a maniac into a monster being kind of a six of one, half dozen of the other type transformation. **HE WAS A LEADER TO MILLIONS, BUT HE BECAME A BEAST OF THE NIGHT!** is a bit more of a grabber, and taglines like **BLOOD AND BRAIN SERUM MIX IN A SPECTACLE OF SHOCKING HORROR!** and **A THINKING BRAIN IN A CURSED CREATURE TURNS THE DARKNESS INTO DOOM!** also get heart-felt MT kudos for scaling new heights in campy campaign crudity.

Anyway, to get right into the story, **BRAIN OF BLOOD** begins with a monstrous apparition named Gor stalking around on a mission engineered by his master, a mad doctor named Dr. Trenton (Kent Taylor), to find healthy bodies to drag back to the lab to serve as the subjects of some not so healthy experiments. Gor has only one eye, and that is set in a face that only a drunken surgeon with a weird sense of humor or a monster's mother could love—and even she wouldn't foist it on people outside the immediate family. Gor breaks into a girl's apartment and she, not finding him to her liking, screams. This is not the first time Gor has experienced just such a negative reaction—which goes a long way in explaining his decidedly hostile way of dealing with the world around him.

At the same time this is going on, four men are riding in a station wagon on their way to Trenton's lab. Bob Nigserian (Grant Williams), a handsome young doctor, and Mohammed, a not so handsome old political leader, are sitting in the front seat of that car, while two hoods crouch in the back protecting a coffin that happens to be lying there. When they reach the lab they are ushered in by a typical average run-of-the-mill lab assistant dwarf named Dorro, who helps them open the coffin and place its contents—the body of Amir, leader (or former leader) of an obscure Middle Eastern nation—on the operating table. Dr. Trenton explains to the small gathering that he can revive the dead Amir (Reed Hadley) by removing his brain and storing it in a special blood cycle refrigerator unit which will, through

Continued on page 26

OH, MISTER HATHAWAY! YOU'RE EARLY!
EYE OF THE BEHOLDER
YEAH, WELL I FINISHED MY LAY-OUTS AHEAD OF TIME, SO I THOUGHT I'D DROP AROUND
OF COURSE! DOCTOR DEFORREST WILL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MINUTES! WOULD YOU CARE FOR ANYTHING? A MAGAZINE ?
THANKS!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE
WHAT···
EEAAAAAAAH
THE···?

...HELL? NURSE TEMPLE!! WHAT...?
OH! DOCTOR DEFORREST! WHAT WAS THAT...?
NOTHING TO CONCERN YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW! JUST A PATIENT HERE TO MAKE GOOD AN OLD DEBT!
YOU'VE COME FOR YOUR NEW EYE, I TAKE IT?
HM? ER, OH— YEAH! YEAH, I GET SUCH A TERRIFIC RIBBING OVER THIS DAMN PATCH, Y'KNOW! IT'LL BE A REAL RELIEF TO TRADE IT FOR A GLASS EYE!
OH! YOU WANTED AN ARTIFICIAL EYE?! OH, DEARIE ME!
I DO WISH YOU'D BEEN MORE SPECIFIC!
IT WOULD HAVE SAVED ME SO MUCH TROUBLE!
FIN

the Monster Times Teletype

. . . Prints news, reviews, previews, grues-flashes ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monsterdom's answer to Rona Barret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpubs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flix & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Gosharootie, gang!

Atlas International will film CRYPT OF THE BLIND DEAD *in Spain, and in Germany they'll shoot a sequel to the very successful* MARK OF THE DEVIL, *called* CURSE OF THE DEVIL *with the same director at the (may) helm.*

Arthur Penn, director of BONNIE & CLYDE, *set for the same chores on Columbia's* THE MAN WHO INVENTED A WIFE.

At last someone has come up with the brilliant idea of bringing to the screen Ayn Rand's fantastic, futuristic, fearsome novel, ATLAS SHRUGGED. *Taking on the incredibly ambitious production will be the capable director of the equally fearsome,* THE GODFATHER, *which might be viewed as sort of an* ATLAS MUGGED.

New title announced from Metro is SLITHER. *(Hmm, should play a double bill engagement with* STANLEY).

Metropolitan Opera Star, Anna Moffo is the beleaguered heroine in the "sex-horror-crime-comedy" (?) THE WEEKEND MURDERS, *which is a first-class production with tongues-n-cheeks abounding. P.S. Miss Moffo is some kind of voluptuous Valkyrie.*

AIP's "COUNT YORGA," *actor Robert Quarry, is set for the lead in a new fright film called* THE DEATHMASTER. *Ray Danton will direct for AIP. Quarry will also appear opposite Vinny Price in the forthcoming* DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN. BLACK DRACULA, *starring William Marshall as the Dark Drac, is set for a mid-July release.*

There's to be a new version of TREASURE ISLAND, *with the impressive cast of Orson Welles, Herbert Lom and Walter Slezak starring, and unlike the rather wishy-washy Disney version, this one will be the blood-and-guts scare-fest that Robert Louis Stevenson originally intended his book to be.*

Michael Caine will produce as well as star in the film version of the London stage hit thriller, SUDDENLY AT HOME.

Busy Mr. Caine will also be co-starring with Mickey Rooney in another chiller titled, PULP. *(Is that as in "beaten to a. . . ?")*

Lawrence Film Productions will continue to lens THE BLOODY SLAYING OF SARAH RIDELANDER, *even through the setback of a fire that demolished the studio.*

That throb of Manhattan you're always hearing about is being produced by THE OTHER, HAMMERSMITH IS OUT, *and* THE POSSESSION OF JOEL DELANEY *all being shown at the same time. They're all super. . . (natural that is)!*

THE BIG RED CHEESE IS BACK (MAYBE . . .)!

More than rumors have it that National Periodical Publications, publisher of SUPERMAN and BATMAN and a whole mess of other comics books, is reviving the long lost hero of comic's Golden Age, Captain Marvel.

Captain Marvel, or "The Big Red Cheese" as he was affectionately called, was originally published by Fawcett comics back in the early 1940's. He appeared just months after the premiere of National's SUPERMAN, and the two immediately were in conflict. National Comics claimed that the good Captain was an infringement on Superman's copyright, and filed suit to have the Big Cheese cease publication. The legal battle dragged on for years.

In the interim, Captain Marvel became the best selling comic book ever, at times selling over two million copies per issue. For a while in the mid-40's he was issued every three weeks, and Fawcett capitalized on his popularity by issuing Captain Marvel Jr., Mary Marvel; Marvel Family and others.

By the mid-50's however, with comic books in general on the wane, Captain Marvel was also failing. Instead of continuing, Fawcett stopped publication and settled the still unsolved lawsuit out of court. It stated that the Good Captain could never be printed again. And it hasn't until now.

But this week, rumors flooded into our offices that National, who originally sued Captain Marvel, had bought the rights to the Captain and will begin publishing. According to our sources, the book may be edited by Julie Schwartz, written by Denny O'Neil (who writes Superman) and drawn by Bob Oksner. . . that's the way rumors are blowing.

Our intrepid staff called up National's office to confirm the rumor. One staffer, who would be very close to the book if it is published, said that it "looks hot." On the other hand, publisher Carmine Infantino's secretary, Carol, told us that "we can't give you any information."

So that's where it stands people. Rumor is that the Big Cheese is back, but no one wants to talk about him. So the best we can tell you is keep your eyes peeled, and when we come up with more information, we'll surely let you know. (Make sure you pick up our next issue which starts our new comic news column.)

—Joe Brancatelli

CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
July 1-5	1972 COMIC ART CONVENTION 621 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	STATLER HILTON HOTEL New York City 33rd St & 7th Ave	$2.50 a day $7.50 for 5	This is the super-con, pros, panels, comics, movies, banquet and art contest.
July 22-23	CHICAGO COMIC CON Nancy Warner 1726 North Broadway Crest Hill, Ill.	PICK-CONGRESS HOTEL Chicago, Ill. Congress & Michigan Ave.	$1.50 a day	Billed as a Nostalgia Con, with emphasis on comics, pulps, books radio programs and toys
Sept. 1-4	L.A. CON 30th World SF Con PO Box 1 Santa Monica, Cal.	LOS ANGELES Inter. Hotel Los Angeles, Cal.	no data, contact con-vention	This biggest s-f con of the year with most of writers in attendance and movies.
Nov. 24-26	FANTASY FILM FANS CON PO Box 74866 Los Angeles, Cal.	AMBASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Cal.	$15 at door $8 til 9/4	72 hours of fantasy films, Ray Bradbury, DC Fontana, Bob Bloch

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it. Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why) or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare ya!

ADOLPH HITLER ALIVE! WITH A SC YET! Both played by PETER SELLERS! Pitted against the famous jungle hero THE PHANTOM! That's right, in the new King Features flick, THE PHANTOM VS. THE FOURTH REICH. *Film rolls in July in London. All I can say is "Reich on!"*

Celia Dales' suspense novel, A DARK CORNER *will find its way to the screen by way of Atlantic productions.*

Superbeast?.. HA!!!

Aubrey Schenck's DAUGHTERS OF SATAN *will share the bill with none other than* SUPERBEAST... *(bet* GODZILLA *could beat him)!*

On Saturdays in New York, Radio Station WRVR 106.7 *is running reruns of* LET'S PRETEND *at 9:00 AM and 6:00 PM and* THE SHADOW *at midnight.* THE SHADOW *you will remember, but if you don't recall* LET'S PRETEND, *I may be dating myself, but I do remember it — full of whimsy and fantasy, the cleverest fairy tales, told with charm and wit. Catch it if you're in the area.*

On most double bills with THE WEEKEND MURDERS, *you will find (ready?)* THE BLACK BELLY OF THE TARANTULA. *(Is there another kind?) The title deals with the method of killing that a species of wasp uses to destroy tarantulas. It's an Italian opus, so might one call it (ugh!) a tarantella tarantula. It's not a giant insect pic, but rather psycho runs amuk.*

Amicus Productions, who are just putting finishing touches on Robert (PSYCHO) *Bloch's* ASYLUM *have next scheduled horror film...* I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM. *(I have eyes and I should cry.)*

Lionel Jeffries set to direct a British ghost yarn called, AMAZING MR. BLUNDEN. *Laurence Naismith (*GWANGI *) is starred.*

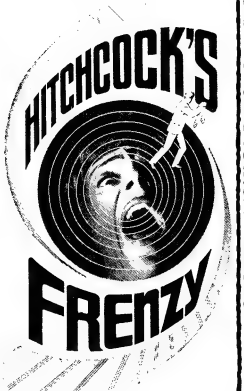
Alistair (Puppet On A String) *MacLean's new thriller* FEAR IS THE KEY *is currently shooting in Louisiana, and then from there winds up location shots in London. Barry Newman and Suzy Ke..dall star.*

Broadway Bombshells Ethel Merman and Mary Martin are being paged for the roles of the murderous maiden-ladies in the stage musicalization of ARSENIC AND OLD LACE. *Hal Prince will produce and may even direct. (I sure hope so.)*

A June release has been set for Phase One Film's first feature production entitled, THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE.

Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon are co-starring in the action-thriller SCORPIO.

First came WILLARD, *to be shortly proceeded by his sequel,* BEN, *and now we may anticipate the antics of...* STANLEY. *Ah, but wait, please don't judge* STANLEY *by his associates, for you see rather than rodent, Ol' Stan is a rat.....tlesnake. Sort of a case of misnaken identity.*



There seems to be an awful lot of secrecy regarding Hitchcock's latest effort, FRENZY, *though the word from the Cannes Film Festival is that it's one of his greatest (look for an Alfie interview in an upcoming MT issue).*

So throw your shoulders back (wherever they came from), set up a firm upper lip (in a jar) and hold your breath... till next time. ■

FANCON '72 TO BE GIANT FUNCON!

They're holding a bash in Virginia, and you're all invited. The bash is FANCON '72, the first comic convention to be held in Norfolk, Virginia in a long, long time. It's gonna be a convention with loads of stuff, enough for five days, but lo and behold, they're cramming it into two, July 29th and 30th.

FANCON '72 is the brain storm of Pat Gabriele Jr. who's producing it in conjunction with United Dixie Land Fandom. With a group like that how can you go wrong? The con is being held at the spacious Commodore Maury Hotel in Norfolk, Virginia the last weekend in July. The hotel rates are dirt cheap, $8 a night, and the convention admission is a similar bargain ($2.50 in advance for both days, $2 a day at the door).

And you won't believe what they're offering for the pittance the group is charging. There will be an art show which will knock your eyes out, art lover or not. Paintings by such greats as Kelly Freas, Virgil Finlay and of painter Jack Gaughan will be on display. They'll be showing movies around the clock, and the projection room will be buzzing with such biggies as Flash Gordon and Batman. And dozens of the old cartoons for the animation freaks amongst us. Planned attendees are Wally Wood, Kelly Freas, Murray Leinster (who wrote LAND OF THE GIANTS), Steve Harper, Roy Krenkel, Al Williamson, Sam Grainger and MT Contributors Jeff Jones, Mike Kaluta and Frank Brunner.

FOES

Continued from page 5

Lizard's slashing tail and powerful jaws was sometimes more than the teenage spider could handle. Everytime they met it was a matter of Spidey keeping the Lizard occupied while attempting to find some cure to change him back to human form... and if you have ever tried to hold on to a slippery, slimy lizard, you know it ain't an easy thing to do.

All through his adventures, Spider-Man has tangled with many different enemies. Most of them were out to either discredit or defeat him, but rarely did they actually try to kill him. When MORBIUS came along, however, all that changed. Morbius, you see, was an honest-to-goodness, "died in the wool" vampire! As a human, Morbius was slowly dying from an incurable blood disease. Trying to develop an enzyme which would allow him to live accidentally changed him into a blood-craving vampire in the meanest sense of the word.

Morbius donned a bat-like costume and attacked his victims one by one in order to prolong his blood-lusty life. He mistakenly attacked Spidey one evening and the pair fought one of the most awe-inspiring battles ever drawn, with Spider-Man valiantly trying to save his own skin, and Morbius likewise attempting to go on living by drinking the blood of the costumed hero. Their first encounter left Morbius sinking to the bottom of the local river, but as everyone knows, you cannot keep a good vampire down for long. He's already returned to comics only months after his watery plunge, and he'll no doubt be with us for a long time.

BEWARE THE SPIDER'S BITE

Being Spider-Man then involves a bit more than ironing out a few personal problems and being "relevant." He has gone up against some of the toughest villains ever to grace a comic book page. Villains out to do more than rob a few banks and throw a few punches. Deadly, grotesque-looking characters out to defeat a teen-ager whose only asset is a spider bite and a colorful costume.

So listen, if you happen to be in science class and this glowing spider starts edging toward you—RUN! There just may be a day when you will have to tackle Green Goblin, Morbius and the Lizard... and that, my friend, is no way to spend your free time. ■

Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Baneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashingly brilliant book; BADTIME STORIES. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circusful of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanest of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, wright-on BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES NO. 6, recieved so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all Wright, son! Monster-sized (8½" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly $5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong? ■

13

Wright-on! Wrightson's writhingly weird workmanship whets my wish-craft for his woebegone worlds!

Rush _____ copies of BADTIME STORIES at $5.00 per copy plus 50¢ postage & handling ($5.50 total) to

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BLOOD ISLAND

Continued from page 21

a mysterious electrical process, keep the brain alive until a fresh body can be found into which said brain can be inserted. It is the doctor's plan to perform plastic surgery on the new body until it comes to resemble the late Amir, whose brain will be in its head.

By the way, there are a couple of pretty girls mixed-up in the gory action, just to keep you male chauvinists

Gor relaxes after mad doctor takes load off his mind—his brain, to be precise.

busy—or *awake*, at least. They are chained to the walls of Dr. Trenton's cellar for the amusement of Dorro the demented dwarf who, every so often, takes a hypo and extracts from their vulnerable veins whatever blood might be needed by his master.

—IS THERE A MAD DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?—

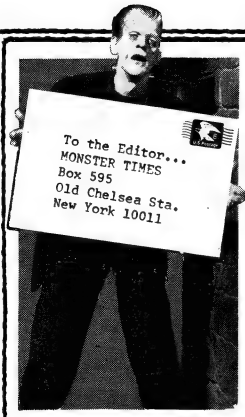
Bob and Mohammed soon come to the realization that Trenton is totally out his mind (although a similar accusation might be leveled at anyone who would consent to appear in this movie). Gor finally finds a body though, which he brings back to the lab. The doctor examines the body and discovers that it is no good, unsuitable for his purpose.

Still in need then of a brand-new body, Dr. Trenton, in a decidedly dumb move, decides to use Gor. Dorro the dwarf is disappointed by this decision, however, since the giant Gor was the only friend he'd ever had. Finding himself in the grips of a particularly evil mood, Dorro goes down to the cellar to torture one of the girls in a last ditch effort to brighten up his dark day. Unfortunately he is as careless as he is sadistic, and one of the ladies manages to escape, fighting her way through the tangle of phony skeletons hanging from the basement walls.

Meanwhile, Gor's brain is now in the body of Amir and, after a few fights and killings, we find out that Dr. Trenton is in complete control of the revived leader—and that this is exactly what he'd been trying to do all movie long. Trenton wants the forbidden fruits of every madman's dreams: Power, Influence, Dancing Girls, Lackeys, the usual kind of stuff. From this point on, however, the film degenerates from confusion into complete senselessness, so why waste time trying to figure it out when the guy who wrote it probably didn't know what he was doing in the first place and has doubtlessly imbibed enough alcohol since to store his involvement in **BRAIN OF BLOOD** into the deadletter files of his memory bank anyway.

If you have nothing better to do, you might as well go and catch this flick as it is the latest and probably the last of **Hemisphere's Blood series. Some very reliable rumors have it that the company** is going in for films like the not quite X-rated THE SWINGIN' STEWARDESSES now, so it appears that, in the not too distant future, the creative blood of the Hemisphere mentors will be spreading pretty thin indeed. ■

Blood Island domestics enjoy brief breather after being worked to the very bone by busy mad doctors, giants, and dwarves.



TYRANNOSAURUS ATOMICA SPEAKS AND SPEAKS

Dear Monster Times

I attended my first Sci-fi convention, Luna-Con '72, Wow! I must have done at least a hundred laps round the dealers tables and managed to buy only a fraction of all the beautiful stuff there. Right now, I'm severely depressed, for in the remote abysmal city in which I reside, nothing quite as feverish or ecstatic as a science fiction convention ever materializes. Instead a plague of remote control youths remain intoxicated with bad rock music! I'm quite apprehensive these days towards this new breed rock oriented robots and J.C. SUPERSTAR "zombies." They're all beginning to sound routine and dreadfully mechanical, "Get-it-to-geth-er"— Right-on — Freak-Out — **No-Way. I see it only as a** repetitive reality ridden rigor. There's no Renaissance here, nor is there any visible links to that super outer world of fantasy, magic and extra-terrestrial bliss. MONSTER TIMES is not distributed anywhere in town! But I'm not anywhere in town neither. I am the solitary being that haunts the suburban asteroid known only as zone 4! Zone 4 is somewhere. . . somewhere. . . out there! And who might I be? Why, I'm Tyrannosaurus Atomica. Remember me? I am formerly Tyrannosaurus Rex but since I've come to know more worlds than grains of sand in the Mojave desert, this constellation has found it necessary to expand into newer dimensions, thus, Tyrannosaurus Atomica!, filled with more long whiles than a Dalinear mile on a sun dial!

Your Star Trek issue was beautiful. It had nice color and a superb poster. Number 3, however was miserable as far as cover art is concerned. Anyway I don't think "Them" was that great a movie to rate over half an issue. Whatever happened to the great subterranean scenes from the "Black Scorpion" or super terranean scenes from the "Hellstrom Chronicle" or the Lunar caterpillar from "First Men In the Moon" or Captain Nemo's giant experiments from "The Mysterious Island" or etc. etc. etc.

I've heard tell that everybody's pal, George is embarking on the Doc Savage film series? Well after seeing that tragic cheapy "The Power," George is no Pal of mine!, come to think of it, all of George Pals films were quite nauseating along with all that cornball humanitarian hinty dialogue!

Let me lay a little dream stuff on ya. After seeing Ken Russell's films, the "Devils" and the "Music Lovers" which I thought were superb, I would feel that a talented director as he could most magnificently do a trilogy of films of "The Lord of the Rings" with perhaps Michael Dunn portraying Bilbo Baggins huh? Well, I can dream can't I? Let's only hope Ken Russell can.

Marvel's heroes would make dynamite film material! Could you see Robert Redford as Captain America? Nimoy as Namor? Mark Stevens as Reed Richards? Bradford Dillman as Tony Stark? Jean Shepherd as the Thing? How 'bout it huh? huh? huh? Oh! Jack Palance as the Skull leader, yeah! Ah! Jack Lord as Nick Fury. Bon appetite!

I hope to see an entire issue devoted to space monsters and maybe some influential dialogue concerning new space films, which however seem to cash in on 2001 type story matter or ecology fiction and which are entirely void of unusual new monsters! I don't think people take space monsters seriously enough. I want to point out one film that I thought was pretty good which is "Robinson Crusoe On Mars." Before it's release, Famous Monsters reported that Marcel Delgado, who constructed the dinosaurs for King Kong, was to design a monster or monsters for Robinson Crusoe on Mars. Well, I wanna say that I was quite dissappointed that plans had changed to do instead an "our man friday" type story along with chintzy cartoon spaceships. In a review, the director said that he was interested in a more believable plot rather than to spotlight monsters. Aw C'mon. Not every planet you land on is there going to be poignant human drama and cosmic revelation. There will be worlds out there where one will be urged to use his trusty phaser in order to zap many eyed, many headed giant monstrosities with cold blood and mandibles, preferably mandibulated by Ray Harryhausen from the planet Reezuniblefaksimily! I'd love to see a remake of War of the Worlds or should I say a film from the actual novel, utilizing machines exactly like that depicted in Classics Illustrated! And please if you will feature some scenes from Classics Illustrated's War of the Worlds in the Space monster issue that I have proposed. How about a bright red cover featuring that "bat-rat-spider-monster" from "the Angry Red Planet" and a poster of the same.

Tyrannosaurus Atomica
Spfld. Mass. 01104

Thanks, Tyrannosaurus, and if your ancestors could ramble half as well as you could, their ensuing extinction seems like a blessing in disguise. Seriously though, you've a ton of ideas, and we'll consider them all. Many already are being done, watch us!

THE FIRST MONSTER TIMES!!!

Gentlemen:

You have a delightful magazine, and I would suggest long articles (with pictures) of Gernsback and his early science-fiction magazines: AMAZING STORIES, WONDER STORIES, THE SHADOW, THE SPIDER and the others.

This lugubrious logo graced the cover of the 1st MONSTER TIMES, a fanzine published way back in '61.

I'm also enclosing two issues of the "first" MONSTER TIMES which I published back in 1961. Keep up the excellent work.

James V. Taurasi, Sr.
Flushing, NY 11354

Thanks, James, it's good to know that we have a long tradition dating back to the far away sixties. It's also good to know that the time is right for a professional TMT, and that monster fans are no longer shunted into a little corner. Monsters are here to stay, and TMT is here to tell the world about them, and their fans who've stayed by them in the leaner years.

Send us so many letters, postcards, boosts, detractions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.

Fanzines are a release. Fans dive into comics or whatever and produce these magazines in order to keep the collecting sub-culture alive. They entertain, they inform, they criticize, they analyze. They are a world unto themselves, and THE MONSTER TIMES will be keeping tabs on all the fanzines, be they comic-oriented, movie-oriented, disoriented, or anything else that falls within the reach of TMT turf. Jim Vadenboncoeur Jr. and Robert S. Napier, TMT's reviewers, are themselves producers of fanzines. They formerly ran a fanzine called GEORGE, whose sole reason for existence was to review fanzines for fans. Now they will endeavour to keep TMT readers up-to-date on fanzines and related happenings.

(We would also like to caution MT readers not to be intimidated by Mr. Napier's lengthy Elephant metaphor, which kicks off his article, and which is every bit as awesome and "heavy" as the animal it describes. The story about the Elephant and the blind Hindus also, we think, raises a larger question that, in Mr. Napier's hands, remains unanswered (indeed — unasked!) Namely, why did the elephant allow himself to be handled in so intimate a manner by the blind Hindus? But do not despair: This and a host of other questions, both pertinent and impertinent, will be answered in due time, if not shortly before or soon after, in these very pages. Stay tuned. . . Ed.)

Not only are the fan magazines arty, but the ads are equally eye-popping. This ad for Ken Barr posters ($1 from PHASE, PO Box 218, Vanderveer Station, Bklyn., NY 11210) appeared in ROCKET'S BLAST.

COMIC FANDOM

or

THE ELEPHANT WALKS AMONG US

BY ROBERT S. NAPIER

Seven blind Hindus were led before an elephant one day and told to describe him. The first Hindu touched the elephant's trunk and said it was very much like a snake but the second Hindu found the tail and said no, it was more like a rope. Still another Hindu came upon the beast's ear and concluded the others were wrong because an elephant was certainly like a large fan (comics fan? — Ed.) The remaining blind men each found another fragment of the elephant's body and, naturally, each gave a different account of what he'd touched.

Comic Fandom — or simply Fandom — is very much like that elephant and any effort I might make to define Fandom will fare me no better than one of the poor blind men. That's because Fandom, like the Elephant above, is so large and diversified. Fandom is collectors feeling their way back into the tunnels of nostalgia or artists paving the way into tomorrow. Fandom is Flash Gordon groupies, comic book nuts, Frankenstein freaks, Zorro zealots, pulp lovers, Disney devotees and a thousand other creatures who cherish everything from Ovaltine mugs to original oil paintings. Fandom is some crazy three-ring circus where children of all ages gather for fun and/or serious discussion. Fandom is a ten-year old boy in Iowa creating his own superhero with a broken crayon or a man of forty from Maine who remembers thrilling to THE SHADOW on radio during the Great Depression. Fandom is watching King Kong five straight times to make sure you don't miss a single sequence. It's that and much, much more.

The people in fandom come from all over the USA and Canada. These people want to find each other to talk, trade, buy or sell.

This monster is no millstone around the neck of The Mighty Thor, but he sure can be tiresome. TMT contributor Rich Buckler did this cover for Paul Levitz's ETCETERA AND THE COMIC READER.

More fine advertising art from ROCKET'S BLAST, this being a Berni Wrightson drawing from SCREAM DOOR #1 ($1, 9118 Hamilton Dr., Fairfax, Va. 22030).

Jim Jones is a competent artist who does interpretations of famous comic characters for fan magazines. This is The Spirit and was done for GRAPHIC STORY WORLD.

And that's where fanzines come in.

A fanzine is simply a fan magazine. It's a magazine produced by fans for other fans to enjoy. Some are good and some are bad; some expensive, some cheap. Fanzines come in all shapes and sizes and appeal to all kinds of fans, collectors and just plain people. Fanzines have a lot to offer, too. They are a perfect place for the aspiring young artist or writer to show off his talents and receive serious feedback from an interested audience. And since they are privately published and distributed, fanzines let the creative individual work completely uncensored and unrestrained—his good taste being his only guide.

Fanzines are a meeting place for people with common interests; there are fanzines specializing in news of fan interest, fanzines which serve as buy-and-sell marketplaces

Continued on page 31

FULL COLOR POSTERS

POSTERS BY FRANK FRAZETTA. 18 x 23

For mood and tone and anatomy and stark portraits of wonder, Frazetta is the master! Each poster awakens your sense of awe and fascination. The colors and details are reproduced magnificently. Breathtaking to see and own!

A. WEREWOLF (cover painting for CREEPY 4).
Silhouetted against an orange moon is the ravening beast of our nightmares, about to pounce on the victim who has unfortunately discovered him! $2.50

B. SKIN DIVER (cover painting for EERIE 3).
There is the treasure chest, spilling its riches into the ocean depth in which the awed skin-diver has discovered it. But what is that fearful, monstrous thing rearing up behind it? $2.50

C. BREAK THE BARBARIAN VS. THE SORCERESS (cover painting for Paperback Library paperback).
Brak, with sword and on horseback, looks up into murky skies to see— is it a vision of a woman? Is that evil she seems to convey? Or menace. $2.50

D. CONAN OF CIMMERIA (cover painting for Lancer paperback)
Toe to toe, Conan fights with brute savagery, death in every axe-stroke, against two frost giants. The scene is a blazingly white mountain top under an ice-blue sky! Thorough drama! $2.50

E. CONAN THE CONQUEROR (cover painting for Lancer paperback)
Bursting like a fire-storm into the midst of a hellish battle, Conan comes, astride his maddened charger, cleaving his bloody way! The background is fire and death and savagery . . . $ 2.50

ALL FIVE FRAZETTA POSTERS $10.00
(POSTERS ARE MAILED IN STRONG CARDBOARD TUBES)

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted betwitching black sundries.

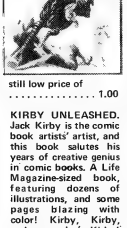
Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pulsating Post Office isn't.

CAPT. MIDNIGHT RADIO PREMIUM SET. Now when de-coder badges from the 1930's are selling for $25.00 each (and more!), we can offer this reproduction of authentic Capt. Midnight radio program giveaways! First, there is a 45 rpm recording of the original radio program. Second, you get a Flight Commander's certificate from the Secret Squadron. And finally a color reproduction in raised cardboard of a Captain Midnight de-coder badge! All three items make one set! 3.50

FLASH GORDON WRIST WATCH. A chance to buy tomorrow's big nostalgia item today! Here's a new, beautiful, full-color Flash Gordon watch in its own decorated box! The watch face and display box illustration are by Gray Morrow! Are you sorry you didn't have the chance to buy a 1930's Mickey Mouse watch before they were worth $300.00? Well, what are you waiting for now! 15.00

20 CENTURY FOX MEMORABILIA CATALOG. When one of the great Hollywood studios auctioned its props, posters, furniture, and miniatures, this 278 page catalog was printed, listing each item and carrying photographs of hundreds. The catalog cost $12.00 by mail and was the official admission to the auction. See the props auctioned off from PRINCE VALIANT (flagons, throne, banner). Hush, Hush, SWEET CHARLOTTE (paintings), etc. A mostalgic trip of trips. Dig item 470: "severed head from Sweet Charlotte!" What am I bid? . . . 3.50

BLACKMARK. Because of poor distribution, this brilliant experiment was not available to a wide public. Now the remaining stock has been purchased and it is available here! Gil Kane has created more than a comic book, because it is a science-fiction novel. And it is more than a novel, because of the dynamite sword-and-sorcery artwork — hundreds of panels of graphic drama! Originally published at 75c, it is available now at the still low price of 1.00



KIRBY UNLEASHED. Jack Kirby is the comic book artists' artist, and this book salutes his years of creative genius in comic books. A Life Magazine-sized book, featuring dozens of illustrations, and some pages blazing with color! Kirby, Kirby, and more Jack Kirby! 4.00

HERO PULP INDEX. Weinberg & McKinstry, ed. $3.50
Where did the Black Hood appear before comic books? When did the long and incredibly successful Shadow series begin? How long did Doc Savage run? The pulp magazines with continued adventure hero features are listed in this compact and efficient reference book.

BIG LITTLE BOOK CATALOG. Here are all the Big Little Books published in the 1930's and 1940's, alphabetically listed. How many Flash Gordon titles were there? Which films were put into BLB form? An excellent research and reference item. 1.00

AL WILLIAMSON CHECKLIST. Find out where the published work of this master artist has appeared, whether in comic book, fanzine or newspaper. There are many illustrations which make this book both beautiful and a bargain. 1.00

PENGUIN BOOK OF COMICS. Hundreds and hundreds of comic strip samples (and comic books, too), tracing the history of visual story-telling. Some color pages. Irresistable for those who want to see what it's all about. 4.95

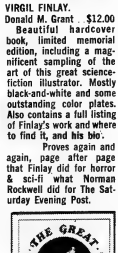
ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME. Paperback edition of the expensive hardcover book! Many writers share their memories with you of what comic books were like in the 1940's. They include Roy Thomas and Harlan Ellison. 1.50

PHASE 1. A big well-filled comic art magazine featuring color cover and a story by Ken Barr, a new and powerful story by Neal Adams, and excellent work by Gray Morrow, Jeff Jones, Berni Wrightson, and many others. Classy product. $3.00

LUGOSI. Alan Barbour, ed. $4.00
The world's favorite Dracula is seen in a bookful of photos of Bela Lugosi in his weirdest roles. Softcover twin volume to the Karloff book. Excellent stills from the great Lugosi horror films, and plenty of them. 52-pages.

VIRGIL FINLAY. Donald M. Grant . $12.00
Beautiful hardcover book, limited memorial edition, including a magnificent sampling of the art of this great science-fiction illustrator. Mostly black-and-white and some outstanding color plates. Also contains a full listing of Finlay's work and where to find it, and his bio.

Proves again and again, page after page that Finlay did for horror & sci-fi what Norman Rockwell did for The Saturday Evening Post.



THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES. Jules Feiffer . $5.00
A frank and nostalgic backward look at a childhood of comic book reading. And then adventure after (original) comic book adventure showing us the complete origin stories of Batman, Superman, and Green Lantern, and episodes in the careers of the Spirit, Flash, Hawkman, and more! All in beautiful color! Dynamite!

FANTASTIC. Alan Barbour, ed. $4.00
Boris Karloff was the magnificent master of disguise and menace. You can see dozens and dozens of photographs of his various roles in this 52-page all-photograph softcover book. Each photo is full-page size (8½ x 11) and is clear and vivid. A horror-film fan's prize.

A JOB FOR SUPERMAN. Kirk Alyn . . . $5.00
The first actor ever to play the part of Superman has written this memoir. It is filled with film-making stories (how he caught fire while flying), good humor, and many, many photographs. Fun reading even for non-film fans.

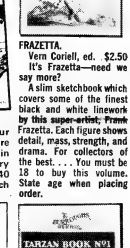
HAL FOSTER'S TARZAN (Vol. II). In the same large format as the previously published TARZAN AND THE VIKINGS, this book reprints Hal Foster's first four Sunday page adventure episodes, 60 pages in all. Available in very limited supply after 40 years. A collector's rich prize . . . $7.00

DARK DOMAIN. Gray Morrow . . . $4.00
A sketchbook of a comic art master featuring fantasy, science-fiction illustrations and visual delights delights such as girls, monsters, swordsmen, and girls! This volume is recommended for serious students of art, illustration, science fiction, fantasy, swordsmen monsters and of girls—but over age 18.

RADIO PREMIUMS ILLUSTRATED. When your favorite radio adventure hero offered you rings, or de-coders, or spy-scopes, or pedometers, the same offers were usually repeated in the Sunday comic sections. And this book reproduces those big pictoria' ads with all the original bounce! Dozens of ads! Want to see the Kix Atomic Bomb Ring again? 3.50

HISTORY OF THE COMICS. Jim Steranko . $3.00
There is a series involved here, and this is volume one. You can find few better descriptions of how comic books evolved (from newspaper strips and pulp adventure magazines), and there are hundreds of photos and illustrations. Nifty reading, great art — poster-sized full-color cover by the author.

FRAZETTA. Vern Coriell, ed. $2.50
It's Frazetta—need we say more?
A slim sketchbook which covers some of the finest black and white linework by this super-artist; Frank Frazetta. Each figure shows detail, mass, strength, and drama. For collectors of the best. . . . You must be 16 to buy this volume. State age when placing order.



TARZAN ILLUSTRATED BOOK ONE. Hal Foster . . . $5.00
The first Tarzan ever to appear in comics form was a daily strip drawn by Hal Foster with the text of the book printed beneath each panel. Designed to run for a few weeks, Tarzan has now been going for forty years. But this book contains the first strips ever drawn, reprinted in clear lines in a wrap-around softcover book. Good value.

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York. N.Y. 10011

The proverbial Old Abandoned Warehouse which you've heard about in so many comics, movies and pulp adventure and detective novels is open for business. Abandoned Warehouse Enterprises presents the most AWEful, AWE-inspiring AWEsome AWEtifacts AWEvailable at AWE-striking AWE-right prices! Indicate which items you want

FRAZETTA PAINTINGS
$2.50 each or all five for $10.00
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__(B) SKIN DIVER
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__(E) CONAN CONQUEROR
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__FANTASTIC (KARLOFF), $4.00
__LUGOSI, $4.00
__A JOB FOR SUPERMAN $5.00
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__TARZAN ILLUS BOOK 1 $5.00
__20TH CENTURY FOX MEMORABILIA CATALOG, $3.50
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__VIRGIL FINLAY $12.00
__HERO PULP INDEX $3.50
__THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROS $5.00
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__PHASE 1, $3.00
__FLASH GORDON WRIST WATCH, $15.00
__ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME, $1.50
__TARZAN (VOL. II) $7.00

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"Have YOU got a girl for ME!" exclaims a hopeful SEYMOUR in the midst of working out a deal with the CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN's current keeper.

Things look hairy for all concerned when the CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN falls hopelessly in love with a wild animal trainer who spurns her amatory affections.

CAPTIVE WILD WOMEN!

SEYMOUR HORROR HOST SUPREME

From L.A., Car Culture Capital of the World and Playground of the Living Dead, comes the master of slime, SEYMOUR, with another cavorting column of wisdom for his miniscule legion of East Coast fans. This time SEYMOUR sinks his fangs into the CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, a 1943 thriller that recently played on SEYMOUR's popular TV show entitled, unoriginally enough, SEYMOUR PRESENTS. Without further suspense then, here's the master of the macabre himself to tell you the story straight from his own forked tongue. . . .

Hello Fringies . . . this is Seymour here and this time I'm going to call 'em as I see 'em. Several weeks ago on my television show, I presented to the Los Angeles audiences a film entitled CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN. It was made in 1943 and starred John Carradine, Evelyn Ankers, and Milburn Stone.

Beth Colman (Evelyn Ankers) takes her sister, Dorothy, who is suffering from a glandular disorder to Crestview Sanatorium for treatment by Dr. Sigmund Walters (John Carradine). Dorothy has been losing weight all season and Beth is afraid . . . after all, if Dorothy's slim and svelte, she'll get all the dates . . . you know, nobody likes to go out with a fat chick. Actually, Beth doesn't have to worry because she's already engaged to Fred Mason, the animal trainer, who plays Clyde Beatty in the film. Of course, you don't know it's Clyde Beatty when you see the picture because the film editor has cleverly intercut actual circus scenes with staged scenes of Fred Mason (Milburn Stone). Doc, I mean Fred, is no dummy: to get in a cage with twenty lions and tigers, your IQ has got to be registering in the minus column. As I understand it, the producer of the picture asked Milburn if he would do the actual scenes, and Milburn said *"Hell, NO!!!!! I'm going to play Doc in* GUNSMOKE *some day . . . I can't take chances tangling with big cats now"* . . . and that's the real truth on how Clyde weaseled his way into this picture.

Skinny Dorothy is now under the care of Dr. Walters. Beth is running around town saying *"My Fred looks like Clyde Beatty . . . . my Fred looks like Clyde Beatty!!!"* And Fred has introduced Cheela, an ape he trained for Dr. Walters, who shows unusual interest in Cheela (remember, I told you in front this is a freaky picture!)

Dr. Walter bribes a handler to steal Cheela. The animal kills the handler, and Dr. Walters takes Cheela to his underground laboratory for the greatest of his experiments, which have proven that glands can transform physical matter to any size, shape, or appearance. Remember Dorothy and her glandular disorder . . . heh! heh! heh! . . . . here's where the monkey business really starts, uh, Doc Walters goes ape . . . get it? Monkey business . . . goes ape? I can see you fringies have no taste for class material.

ENTER Miss Strand, the doctor's human form by transfusion and glandular extractions from Dorothy Colman. She refuses to assist Dr. Walters who says *"I see you're not a scientist at heart."*

EXIT Miss Strand who is killed by the doctor, who then uses her brain in the operation.

A little moon music here please denoting a passage of time . . . oh that's just right . . . hum, hum, do, da, da, dum . . . . . after several hours of operating, Cheela is transformed into a beautiful girl, whom Dr. Walters names Paula Dupree.

Back at the circus' winter quarters, Fred is rehearsing a dangerous animal act . . . the first to combine 20 tigers and 20 lions in one cage. Dr. Walters brings Paula to the circus grounds to observe her reactions. Paula is attracted to Freddie, who looks around to see if Beth What's-her-name is watching. After all, he may be engaged, but he's not married yet.

The big cats see through Paula's nurse, who is horrified to learn that the sinister scientist plans to change Cheela to disguise and are frightened by her. Later, Fred gets hurt in the ring and Paula's strange power over the animals saves him from death and she is hired on as an assistant in the act. Beth isn't thrilled at the idea of Paula and Fred working so close together, so after one of the performances she hugs and kisses Fred, all while Paula is watching. I can see you've guessed it . . . Paula's animal instincts begin to take over. That night, she becomes jealous and tries to kill Beth in her bedroom, but is frightened off by her screams. Unfortunately, Beth's landlady does not scream and is strangled by Paula who then escapes to the sanatorium.

Skinny Dorothy, who later goes on to fame in the WIZARD OF OZ, telephones Beth and says "get me out of here." Beth goes to the sanatorium, where weird Doc Walters shows her Paula, now completely transformed into Cheela. It seems that Doc wants to use Beth's brain for another operation, but Beth is too quick . . . she releases Cheela from her cage who now kills Doc Walters whilé Beth and Dorothy escape.

You would think this is the end of the picture, but it's not. Back at the circus, a thunder and lightning storm breaks the tent's main pole causing a stampede. Fred trips and is about to be trampled when a fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty hi-yo Silver brings in Cheela to save Fred. Unfortunately, one of the handlers does not realize that Fred and Cheela are the odd couple and he shoots and kills Cheela.

Well, there you have it fringies . . . the true story of CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN. Before I close, will someone please have Fred bring over one of his cats . . . . I need to restring my guitar. This is SEYMOUR saying . . . HAVE A BAD DAY!! ■

Remember Acquanetta? Neither do we, but she played the part of Paula the Ape Woman in Universal's CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN nonetheless.

(Editor's Note! One of the best PR cats around is a gentleman by the name of Arnold Friedman. He sends in this blurb from The Hollywood Reporter . . . "Seymour, KTLA's King of Fright, will make his motion picture debut in "Dr. Death" in a cameo performance. Naturally he'll play himself . . ." So what else is new and who cares?!)

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INTERVIEW

Continued from page 18

kids—I know, because I'm still a kid, as far as I can tell, and I still enjoy them. And if we can use that popularity to say something important about the world in which we live, if only to offer a certain point of view, an opinion, not a moral, about the world we see—then John and I intend to do it. But we also intend to have a great deal of fun in the doing.

I've been writing comics since I was six feet tall—and since I'm now six two, maybe that adds to a few years; four, in fact. There have been quite a few books in the past, from *The House of Secrets*, and *The Phantom Stranger* at National, to *Ka-Zar, Iron Man, Doctor Doom, Captain America, Dracula, Sub-Mariner, Hulk* and *The Inhumans* at Marvel, and I've enjoyed them all, but perhaps I look forward more to the ones I'm working on now than I did to the ones I mentioned above. The initial open joy is gone—a lot of sleepless nights pounding at a typewriter to get a job in by deadline have seen to that—but something much more lasting has replaced it, I think; a sense of worth in this crazy, cockeyed comics media. Sure, it's fun—sure, it's just something to curl up with when you're sick, or tired, or just plain lazy; but there's something more here, too. People. Doing things they've always wanted to do. Whether they're John Romita, learning to be interested after fifteen years of merely doing a job, or Stan Lee, discovering that good writing, and good stories *do* sell—or me, blundering into something that's become more than just a profession.

Pick up a comic, any comic that interests you—and see if it isn't true. If you're lucky, you'll be holding a comic that somebody has enjoyed doing—and it'll shout that at you, loud and echoingly clear, and you'll find you can't help but smile, just a little.

And mister—if it's *Spider-Man*, it's one of those books. Speaking for John and myself—baby, you *better* believe it. ■

COMIC BOOK CONVENTION

Continued from page 11

Fourth of July extravaganza. *The Society for Comic Art Research and Preservation* (SCARP) had produced a winner.

Guests of honor were Burne Hogarth, whose work on **TARZAN** for the Sunday comic pages set the standards for adventure strips; Will Eisner, who originated, wrote and drew **THE SPIRIT**; and Stan Lee, editor of Marvel Comics and creator of the *"new wave"* of comic books in the 1960's. An awards luncheon drew 125 people. There were 40 dealers' tables and the biggest assemblage of rare comics merchandise ever accomplished. Fans came from all across the United States. Comic art conventions were here to stay!

In 1969, Phil Seuling began his simply-and-appropriately named *Comic Art Conventions*. Immediately, comics fandom had an annual tradition it could count on. The idea was a good one, as attendance has proved. In 1969, 1970, and 1971 this event of events drew 1200, 1900, and 2200 people! Cons have come quite a distance from the 1964 Comicon and its 50 people crowding one room!

©1972 The Edgar Rice Burroughs Corporation

Burne Hogarth's classic TARZAN fights formidable lion knife & nail in long-running visual version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' jungle adventures.

And the rest of the world was not watching this phenomenon idly. One by one, and on a small scale at first, conventions began occurring on a local level in several states. Oklahoma, Florida, Atlanta, and Detroit achieved notable successes. And in 1971 the dam burst!

In the beginning of the year there was the usual multitude of science-fiction conventions. Because of its older tradition, the field of science-fiction has featured conventions for decades, generations before the comic book fraternity really got started. Until the coming of comicons, a **CAPTAIN MARVEL** freak would have to find his soul mates among the throngs at *S-F cons*. Among these, in 1971, were the *Lunacon* (New York City, in the spring) and *Noreascon* (Boston) the *World S-F Con* (Labor Day Weekend). As always, the comic book subculture flourished at each.

1971, however, was the year of the comicon! Conventions which had comic books as a major theme took place in Houston, New York City, Dallas, San Diego, Atlanta, Detroit, Washington, D.C., Miami, and New York City again. *Nine* conventions for comic book fans!

Houston made the scene first, scheduling their festivals for June 17-20. The attendance was approximately 300, consisting mainly of fans from the immediate surrounding area. Dealers traveled further than the average fan to get there, and there were representatives from both California and New York among the hucksters. The Continental Houston Motor Hotel was where the activities took place, activities which included a film showing of old horror and fantasy favorites, an auction, and an informal poolside party. Guest of honor was Kirk Alyn, the actor who portrayed **SUPERMAN** in films. Kirk Alyn is the kind of man who can be listened to for hours, and his warmth and enthusiasm charmed the convention. But Houston focused its energies on being a marketplace for old comic books, as cash and comics changed ownership with dazzling speed.

As July arrived, comic book fans looked toward the big city, New York, and the *Comic Art Convention* at the Statler Hilton Hotel.

The New York affair was the most glamorous and the biggest. Since New York is the heart of the comic book industry, the Comic Art Convention each Fourth of July weekend is attended by many professional writers, artists, editors, and publishers. The most famous names in comic-book publishing take part in talks, panel discussions and demonstrations. And 1971 was no exception!

There was an exhibit of the artwork of Gil Kane, whose talent has been admired in such strips as **GREEN LANTERN, THE ATOM, HIS NAME IS SAVAGE, SPIDERMAN,** and the Bantam paperback, **BLACK MARK!** Jim Steranko was guest of honor at the Awards luncheon and his work was also on exhibit in the art room. The display included, in addition to his paperback cover paintings, the layouts and paste-ups for his **HISTORY OF THE COMICS.**

From *National Periodicals* there were Carmine infantino, Denny O'Neil, Dick Giordano, Joe Orlando, Henry Scarpelli, Neal Adams, and dozens mores. From *Marvel Comics* came Roy Thomas, John Verpoorten, Gil Kane, Johnny Romita, and Stan Lee, the leader of the pack. And from *Archie* and *Charlton* and *Harvey Comics* and from the newspaper syndicates they came, artists and writers, all adding to the sweep of this event.

Gray Morrow, whose brilliant **EL DIABLO** character has excited comic book fans, was represented by an exhibit of his work. Al Williamson supervised the arrangement of a display of the work of international artists, demonstrating that all the great talents are not necessarily American. Some stunning work from Europe, South America, England, and Australia was included.

The awards banquet honored Jim Steranko and Gardner Fox. Fox handled the praise for his **ALL-STAR COMICS** work in the 1940's as easily and as graciously as he handles his stories. Both gentlemen received enthusiastic applause.

And there were the auctions, one each day, to raise the spirits. And speaking of **SPIRITS,** the convention program included a slide show by John Benson, tracing the story and style of Will Eisner's **SPIRIT.** It was considered one of the successes of the Convention. Still another exhibit was a panoramic spread of premiums (company give-aways) and games from the 1930's and 1940's. Were panels your thing? Would you have been interested in a talk by Harvey Kurtzman, originator of **MAD** and **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**? Would you have liked to ask questions of Bill Gaines, publisher of **MAD** Magazine? They were there too.

BATMAN's got his work cut out for him as giant metalman causes trouble for Robin and the Batwoman in one of the most popular and durable comics ever created.

1955 National Comics Publications, Inc.

HUGO HEAD-STONE
MONSTER MAGAZINE PUBLISHER
YGOR!
...I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME DISGUSTING MONSTERS BEGAN COVERING THE 1971 COMIC ART CONVENTION FOR IT'S READERS--
BUT BOSS--I THOUGHT WE WERE STRICTLY A HORROR MAGAZINE--
IT IS - BUT OUR PRESENCE THERE WILL NOT ONLY KEEP OUR READERS INFORMED ON THE COMIC BOOK SCENE - BUT IT WILL GIVE US AN OPPORTUNITY TO TRADE A COUPLE OF BOOKS - - GO DOWN TO THE BACK ISSUE DEPT. AND GRAB A FEW ISSUES OF DISGUSTING MONSTERS!
AND DON'T WORRY YGOR - YOU WON'T HAVE TO CARRY TOO MUCH!
LATER
$3.50? THAT'S AN OUTRAGE!
1971 COMIC
$3.50 ADMISSION
BOSS - WHY DON'T YOU PAY THE $3.50 ALREADY?
I INTEND TO SNEAK IN DISGUISED AS A CARTOON CHARACTER!
LATER...
SO FAR - SO GOOD!
GOOD LORD!
IT'S THE CAPTAIN!
I GUESS THAT KILLS ANY WRITEUPS ON COMICONS FOR GOOD - HUH BOSS?
SHADDUP!

The above strip, a caustic comment on the trials & tribulations of attending comic book conventions, appeared in last year's N.Y. Comicon Program book. The satirical strip is the handiwork of the famous (?) Bojak, an artist you'll be hearing more from in TMT.

There were more conventions to come. Within a week, Dallas hosted a beautiful, spacious convention combining science-fiction (Robert Bloch, author of **PSYCHO,** was guest of honor) and movies (there were four days of all-night film-showings, including complete 15-chapter serials, and enough filmic baubles to titillate the mind of the most demonic film-freak). The core of D-Con was this film program, and it was good enough to make the entire Convention a winner. Four days of air-conditioned Texas hospitality convinced quite a few people that an annual event here would be something to return to. It was also a welcome chance to see films that don't play the TV Late Show circuit. A good part of the 1000 attendees made it their business to see **COMMANDO CODY** *(every chapter)* and **CAPTAIN AMERICA** (the same) and good horror flicks ranging from **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** to Christopher Lee's **FU MANCHU.** Sleep? Who had time? And if one was going to collapse from exhaustion, what better time or place to do it?

The next date was a *"conflict"* of sorts, since both San Diego and Atlanta hosted Comicons on the same August 6-8 weekend. However, since they were separated by an across-the-continent travel expense, it was fairly likely that no one resented the choice. You just selected the ocean you wanted to swim in and made the con scene there.

San Diego did an outstanding job of planning. Every detail was designed and publicized well, so that minor disasters and disruptions were averted. Forrest Ackerman, monster film fan number one, magazine publisher, and gentleman, was a guest of honor. He brought and showed slides of his home, the astonishing museum-like place in which much of horror-film history is enshrined. Edmond Hamilton, top-ranking science-fiction writer for decades was another honored guest. Also honored was George Barr, sparkling science-fiction artist who started out with top-ranked talent and who gets better with each brush-stroke. Jack Kirby was the comic book artist star, and who could ask for a brighter one? There was also an exhibit of his work.

But size is not all a convention has to offer. Atlanta was more of a local affair, attracting between 200 and 300 area comic fans. Smaller size had its advantages, too. Dick Giordano was guest of honor, and films played a great part in Atlanta's program. Because conventions are what people make of them, Atlanta was friendly, warm, and loose.

Washington, D.C., was the next place on the convention map. There had been a small gathering the previous year, but now Washington too was going all out! Comic art professionals who attended as guests were Berni Wrightson, Steve Hickman, and Mike Kaluta. Films, art exhibits, and a luncheon were other features and there were two spacious and inviting dealers' rooms. One of the

hucksters there was Bud Plant of San Jose, California. He made every convention in 1971 except Atlanta's, and what an endless summer he made for himself! As a dealer, Bud found his travels profitable, and as a fan, it was seventh heaven!

The secret of conventions is the will of the people who attend to make the event successful. Go in expecting to find a dull and dragging time, and doubtlessly you'll find it. But with good will and a bit of optimism, any gathering has a fine chance.

As an example of good feelings, let's turn to *Miamicon II*. Actually held in the locality known as Hialeah, this was intended as a local gathering only. But advertising had done its work. The larger comic book dealers had come down, and here was little Hialeah Fireman's Hall, horribly non-air-conditioned in Florida's summer humidity, hosting 200-250 people! The convention was promptly christened InfernoCon, and the dehydration process began! By the second sweltering day, one dealer had switched to selling cans of iced soda. Nevertheless, good will won out. Auctions, dealers, door prizes, and films was Miamicon's scene and what had been promised was delivered. The summer ended in a furnace blast of success. Convention Summer, 1971, when comicons came of age and became a national phenomenon, was now history.

Still ahead lay the Labor Day weekend at *Noreascon* (science-fiction) and Thanksgiving weekends' *Creation Con* (Nov. 27 & 28). A new concept had also been put into operation in New York City. Called **SECOND SUNDAY**, it was a dealer's area opened for a day without any convention trimmings on the second Sunday of each month. There was now a guarantee in New York City that convention fever could take permanent hold!

So far, the Second Sundays are still going strong and have been keeping the fires of the fans' insatiable comic lust burning, in preparation for the big event, the gala con held over the July 4 weekend. We'll be there and hope to see you there, too. So, remember, keep an eye out for your fiends from **TMT**. . .

Are you sure coin and stamp collectors started this way??? ■

Continued from page 27

COMIC FANDOM

for collectors, and fanzines displaying the creative and experimental work of tomorrow's professional writers and artists.

WHAT PRICE FANZINES

The price of admission into Fandom isn't much. If you have an interest in anything nostalgic or new, or if you want to create or see the creations of others, you've passed the entrance exam. To get you started into the microcosmic world-within-a-world of Fandom takes little or no money and it's a strange, exotic journey as big and as different as a whole herd of elephants. For openers, I'd recommend you try any or all of the following fanzines. Nest stop: Discovery!

THE BUYER'S GUIDE. The Guide is a tabloid newspaper which mainly features buy-and-sell advertisements. It is published each month and for sending your name and address you'll receive a full year's subscription absolutely free. Write to Alan Light/RR1/East Moline, Illinois 61244.

THE ROCKET'S BLAST / COMICOLLECTOR. The RB&CC is one of the oldest and most reliable fanzines around — and it's been around for over ten years. Each issue consists of over 100 magazine-sized pages, mostly buy-and-sell advertisements, which are supported by an array of columns, art and articles which make the RB&CC one of Fandom's strongest pillars in existence. A sample copy is available for $1 from the SFCA/9875 S.W. 212th Street/Miami, Fla. 33157.

GRAPHIC STORY WORLD. News is the World's bread and butter and each issue features the most complete and interesting reports of events of fan interest, national and international. Published every two months, everything about GSW spells quality and a copy can be had for 50¢ from Richard Kyle / PO Box 16168 / Long Beach, California 90806.

ETCETERA/THE COMIC READER. A few months ago **ETCETERA** joined forces with the established but defunct **COMIC READER** and the merger has produced a news magazine which is current, reliable and enjoyable. Although the news flashes are mainly centered on the major comic book companies, assorted features and articles spice up each issue quite well. If comics are your bag, it's well worth a try. Send 30¢ plus an 8¢ stamp to Paul Levitz/393 East 58th Street/Brooklyn, New York 11203.

Somehow Tarzan looks just slightly spasticated in this Alan Kupperberg rendition for ETCETERA AND THE COMIC READER.

Columnist's Note: Editors who would like to have their zines reviewed in this column are encouraged to send a copy to me, Robert S. Napier/1645 Mercy St. No.6/ Mountain View, California 94004. Your help will be most appreciated. Reader response to this column is invited also. Write to me or to Joe Brancatelli, the Managing Editor of THE MONSTER TIMES. Thank you. ■

the Monster Fan-fair

THE MONSTER TIMES FAN FAIR is another reader service of MT. Care to buy, sell or trade movie stills, old comics or tapes of old radio programs? Or maybe buy or advertise a fan-produced magazine? An ad costs only 10 cents per word (minimum, 25 words).

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99,999 Collector comics, Pulps, Playboys, Monster, Mads, Movie, Geographics. Send wants or 50¢ for latest list. Nostrand Books, 276 Brighton Beach Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235

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COMIC & CRYPT 6—Now Out! This 52-page 2 color cover bonanza includes covers by Ken Barr, John Fantuccio, Bill Payne and Mac-an-ta-soir, other art by Neal Adams, Vaughn Bode, and numerous top fan artists. Don Daynard writes on King Kong using the original shooting script. Review on SUNPOT by Vaughn Bode expert George Beahm. A Neal Adams interview, chock full of photos. Plus other goodies. a steal at the bargain price of 75¢ including postage. Order from Dave Rubin, 6 Dinan St. Toronto, Ontario, CANADA. DEALERS: Inquire for quantity rates.

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NEXT ISSUE!

Our next issue is so dynamite you should only hope it doesn't blow up in your face. We've got a complete filmbook of Universal's claw classic, **THE WOLFMAN,** *profusely illustrated and with a text so terrifying that it will grow hair on your chest . . . and your arms . . . and face . . . and even the bottom of your feet, where normal people haven't even so much as a single strand. Plus an exclusive MT interview with Hammer horror-great Peter Cushing who speaks frankly and even STRANGELY about his involvement in* **TALES FROM THE CRYPT.** *This one is really different from any celebrity interview you are ever likely to read. Pick up the next issue and you'll see what we mean.*

We've also got the lowdown on a number of very recent horror flicks, including **FROGS, THE DEAD ARE ALIVE** *(what else is new?), and a double-edged view of* **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES** *by two separate movie mavens who don't see eye-to-eye on the latest Apes epic.*

Comics fans will delight to an offbeat piece devoted to the Phantom, which holds that ancient superhero up to the harsh light of some pretty tough-minded criticism. A super Sci-Fi Bruce Jones comic strip is also included in the price of a single copy and our centerfold has to be seen—and it STILL won't be believed.

GO APE, YOUNG MAN!

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"Gee, I didn't know that, Paw."

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"Gee, I didn't know that, Paw."

"Says all you got to do is fill out this here coupon below . . . and to act right now!"

"Gee, I didn't know that, Paw."

"That's on account of you're just a dumb ape, Son."

"Gee, I didn't know . . . "

Forgive us for interrupting, but we think Old Paw's absolutely right. Don't you think it's high time you go ape, young man, and make sure you get every single thrilling issue of THE MONSTER TIMES. Just fill out the coupon below and you're in . . . for every ish of the biggest monster treat ever concocted, in this or any other world.

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The Monster Times 13

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